TRANSIENT LADY *By* OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

DEC. 23,
1933

Liberty

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Leslie Thrasher

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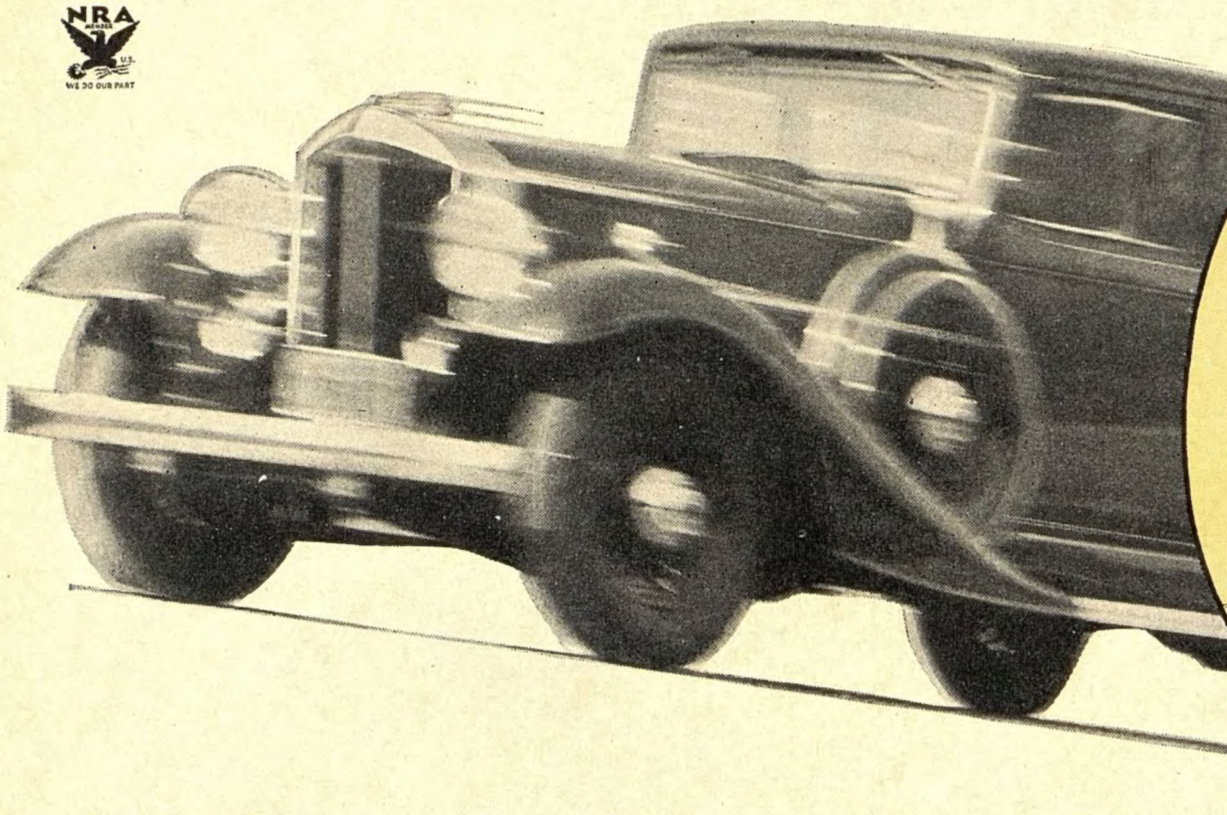
By U. S. ATTORNEY-GENERAL **HOMER S. CUMMINGS**

NOT ONE BLOW-OUT IN GOLDEN PLY TIRES!



LASTED 3 TIMES LONGER IN GRUELLING HIGH-SPEED TESTS

HEAT INSIDE A TIRE CAUSES THIS
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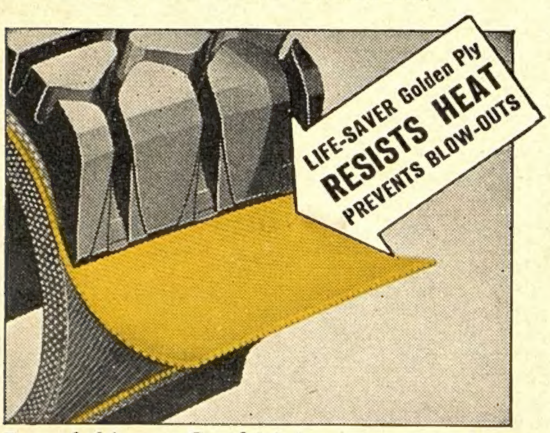
Heat generated by internal friction separates rubber and fabric—starts "blisters," which grow and grow until BANG! A blow-out.



Remarkable new Goodrich invention resists heat—making the New Goodrich Safety Silvertown 3 times safer from blow-outs at high speeds.

"No blow-outs." "Lasted three times as long." First quality tires without the Golden Ply failed at one-third the distance . . . or less.

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Goodrich *Safety* Silvertown

WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY

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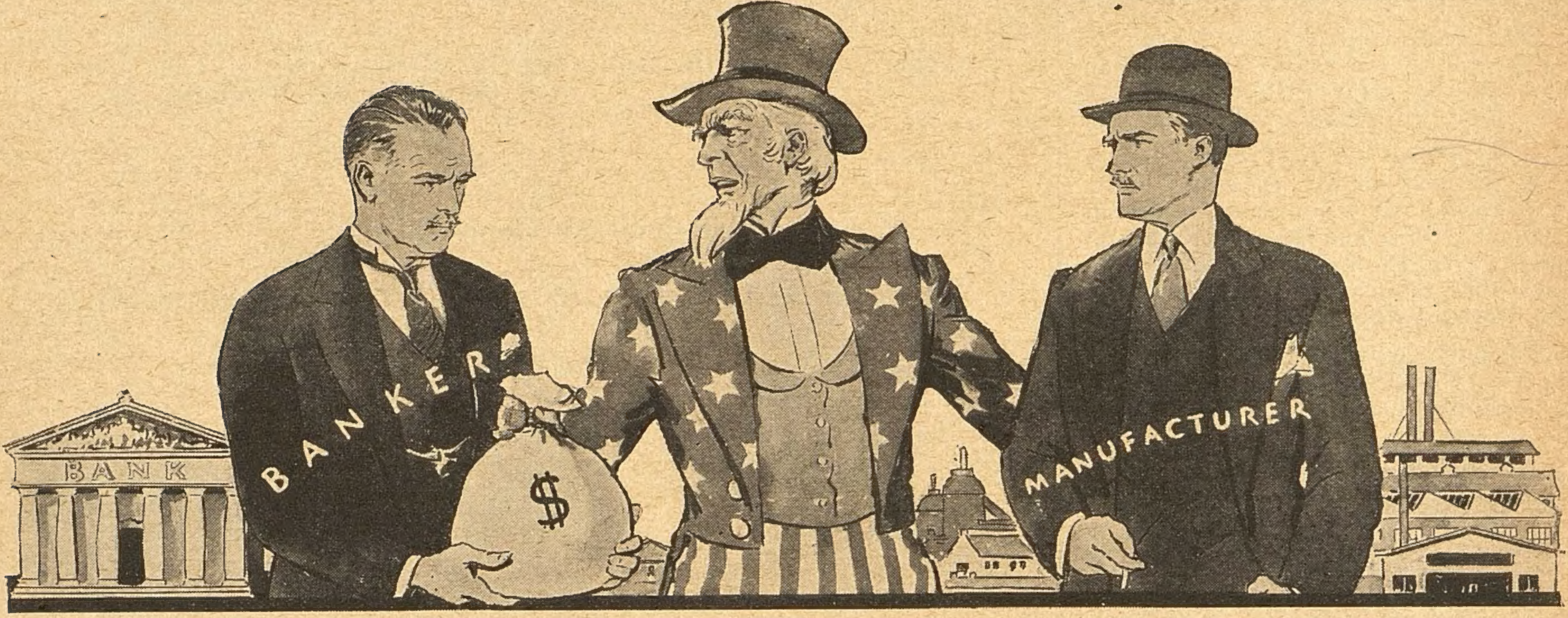
DECEMBER 23, 1933 **Liberty** VOL. 10, NO. 51

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR
FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

EASING OF BANK CREDITS OUR GREATEST NEED



THE need of borrowing power is holding back the progress of recovery more than anything else. Business men of all kinds—the small retailer, the wholesaler—find their business often paralyzed by the need of credit.

Before the depression legitimate borrowers were able to go to their bank and supply their financial needs. But now the banks are holding on to their money. They will not lend unless collateral is deposited that will secure them beyond all possible doubt.

When President Hoover released huge sums of money to the banks throughout the country it was for the purpose of encouraging them to release credits, but they simply stabilized their position. They held on to the money. The situation of borrowers was not eased in the slightest degree.

The federal government now proposes to use huge sums of money for public improvement to furnish work for the unemployed. Although this is commendable, if some of this money were used to encourage banks to loosen their credits, hundreds of thousands would find employment through this added capital in the regular business channels.

In furnishing immediate employment for such a large number of workers the value of this investment may in some places be questionable. Labor, wherever it is used, should pay dividends. It should be profitably invested.

If a bridge is erected or monies are expended on a public improvement, there should be evidence that the investment will be profitable at some time in the future—that it will pay dividends.

The banks, all of them, are losing money because of the necessity of maintaining what they call a liquid condition. They make a profit only through the interest they secure on their loans.

If the government at this time would *extend* certain guaranties to banks *everywhere* for all commercial loans that they make which seem reasonably secure, business men *everywhere* would *extend* their activities, increase their stocks, make improvement in their plants, and automatically add great numbers of people to their pay rolls.

There is certainly no method that the government could adopt at this time for the use of federal credit that would bring more profitable returns than such a procedure.

There was never a time when business men needed credit more than they do today, and the federal government can render assistance in this emergency.

Let us hope that pressure will be brought to bear on Washington from all parts of the country.

Write your congressman or senator and implore him to " get busy " in this dire need that is worrying the business men from Maine to California.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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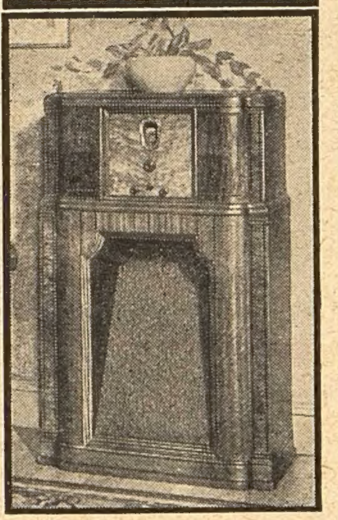

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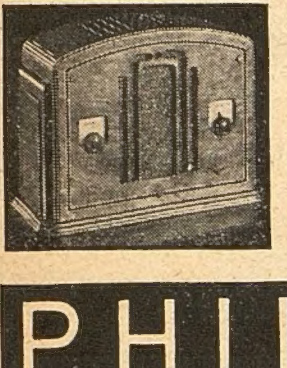

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NEXT WEEK—

WILL CONGRESS RAISE HELL?

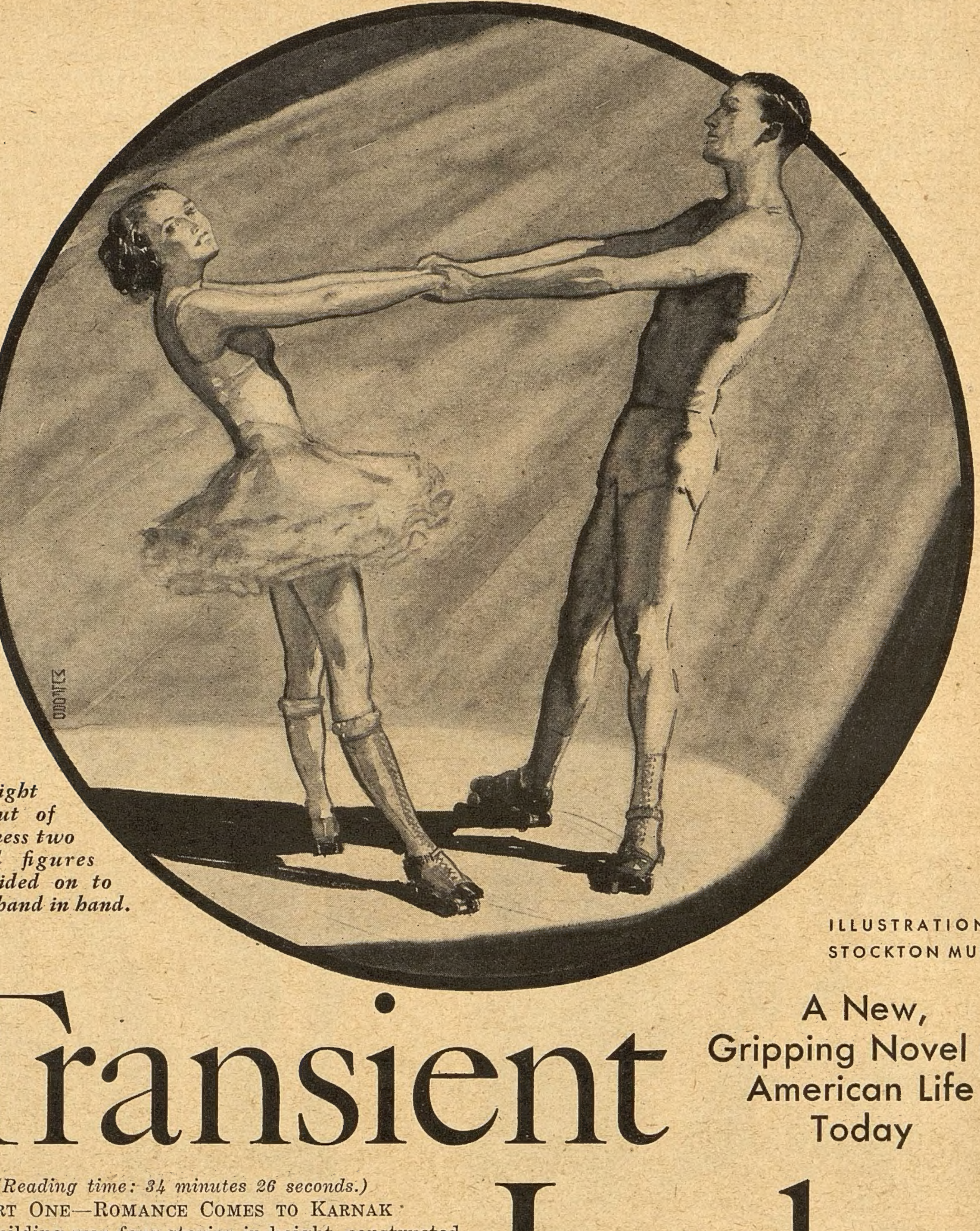
January 3, 1934, is a fateful day for the New Deal. Liberty presents some authoritative (though contradictory) prophecies of what will happen

By

Jay Franklin

Other stories and articles by Octavus Roy Cohen, Gerald Mygatt, Herbert O. Yardley, Arthur N. Hosking, John W. Heisman, and others

Introducing the Loveliest Heroine of the Year—



The spotlight picked out of the darkness two youthful figures which glided on to the floor hand in hand.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
STOCKTON MULFORD

Transient Lady

A New, Gripping Novel of American Life Today

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

(Reading time: 34 minutes 26 seconds.)

PART ONE—ROMANCE COMES TO KARNAK

THE building was four stories in height, constructed of red brick, and across the front—which faced on West Street—was a once-proud inscription:

MCDONALD BLOCK
1883

Old-timers still regarded it with a certain reverence, recalling the day it was completed, and the comment that was rife in the little Southern town of—then—less than fifteen hundred persons, that Angus McDonald and his associates had made plumb fools of themselves, building a skyscraper like that.

At the time, Mr. McDonald was inclined to agree with his fellow townsmen, and for several years the building was not an outstanding commercial success. The block was an institution. It had retained its dignity through storm and stress, war and flood, boom and panic. True, it was out-of-date, sadly lacking in modern conveniences, shockingly in need of paint and repair, but lawyers, real estate men, and numerous other gentlemen kept the stuffy offices filled, or nearly so, most of the time.

Today three strangers were conducted to the Court Street entrance by a native of the town. This young man was quivering with excitement. Even one stranger who showed symptoms of intending to remain was a rare novelty. But three! All together! And one of 'em a dog-gone pretty girl.

The guide designated the stairway and gestured vaguely toward the cavernous recesses above. " There you are, folks. That's it."

The oldest of the invading trio—a tall and very bald gentleman about fifty years of ago—thanked his guide and nodded to his companions.

" Guess we gotta do it," he said. " Let's climb."

They advanced timidly.

FROM the second floor there came a sudden wild yell of terror, full-throated and unrestrained. Then the sound of flying feet, the stamping of pursued and pursuer. Then a hoarsely shouted command:

" You, Vishy! Come back heah! "

The very ebony gentleman so exhorted turned the second-floor corner on high and started downstairs without brakes. The first five steps of his descent were negotiated with noticeable agility. Then his foot slipped.

The three strangers pressed themselves against the wall to avoid the descending body. The young man shielded the girl against possible misfortune, while all three stared wild-eyed and gave ear to the avenging feminine person who pursued the falling man with comments not calculated to bolster anybody's morale.

Vishy reached the street level with a bump, a thud, and a howl. His Nemesis was close behind him, but he scrambled to his feet, emitted a shriek, and moved down Court Street in high. The cumbersome dark lady paused in the doorway and gazed after the fleeing figure.

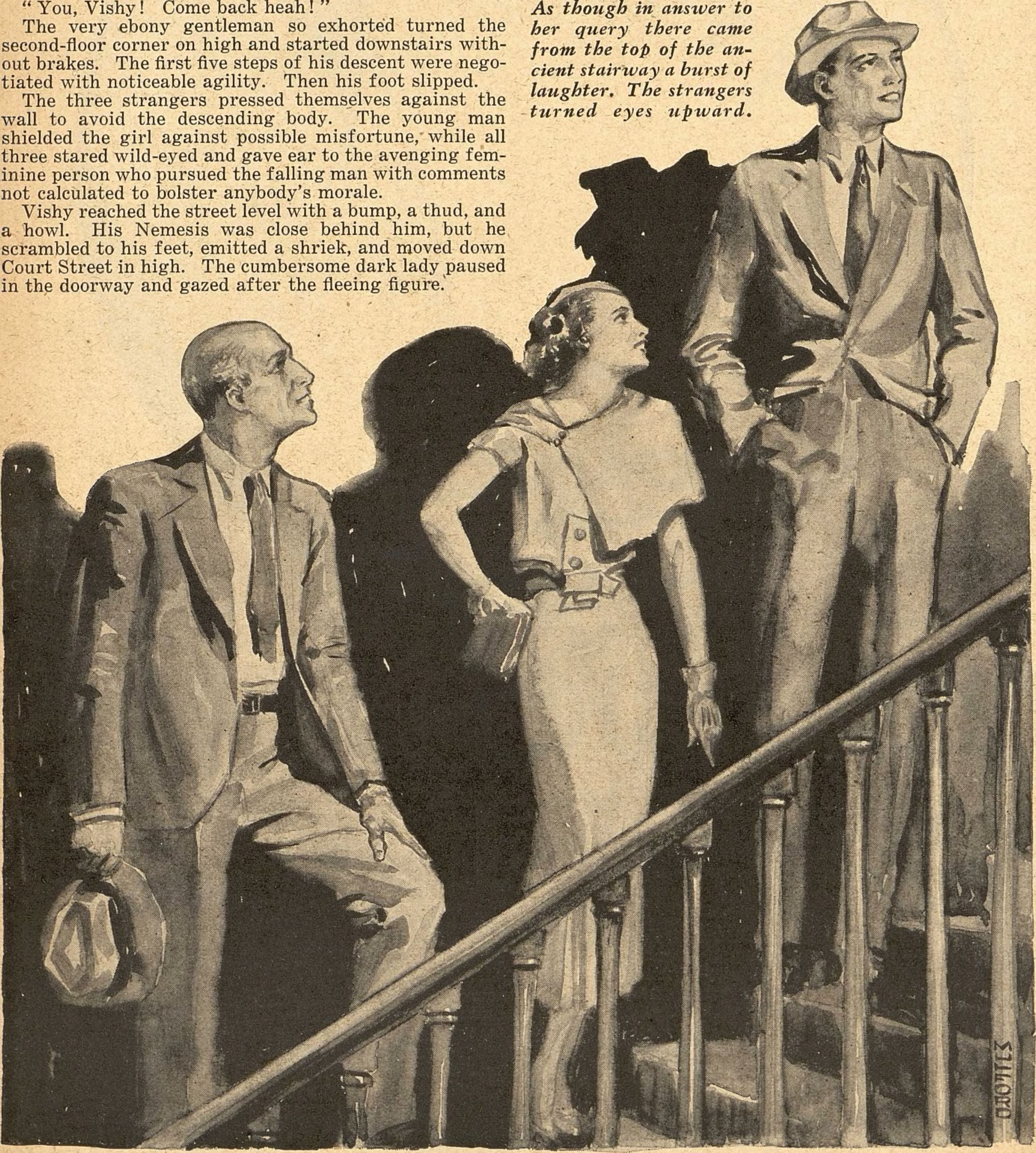
" That Vishy! " she chuckled. " Didn't he exodust? "

As though in answer to her query there came from the top of the ancient stairway a burst of laughter. The strangers turned their eyes upward.

A young man stood at the head of the stairs—a most attractive young man about twenty-seven years of age. He was tall and slender—but not too slender. There was more than a suggestion of muscular power in the confident set of his shoulders and the easy swing of his arms. Even in the half light they could see that his hair was light brown—almost sandy—and that his eyes were wide-set and level and direct; that his features were sharply chiseled.

His laughter was infectious, and the trio at the foot of the steps laughed also. They resumed their climb. The young man was waiting.

" That," he explained in a gentle, pleasant voice, " was Vishy, and the colored damsel was his wife. By mar-



As though in answer to her query there came from the top of the ancient stairway a burst of laughter. The strangers turned eyes upward.

riage. They both work at our house."

The man's informality was charming, and the girl spoke: "She seemed a trifle angry."

"She was. Vishy presumed on his position as family servant to consult me about getting a divorce from her."

The oldest stranger eyed the other with interest.

"You're a lawyer?"

"More or less."

"Then maybe you can tell us where to find Mr. Carey Marshal."

The young man smiled boyishly. "Guilty!" he said. "I'm Carey Marshal."

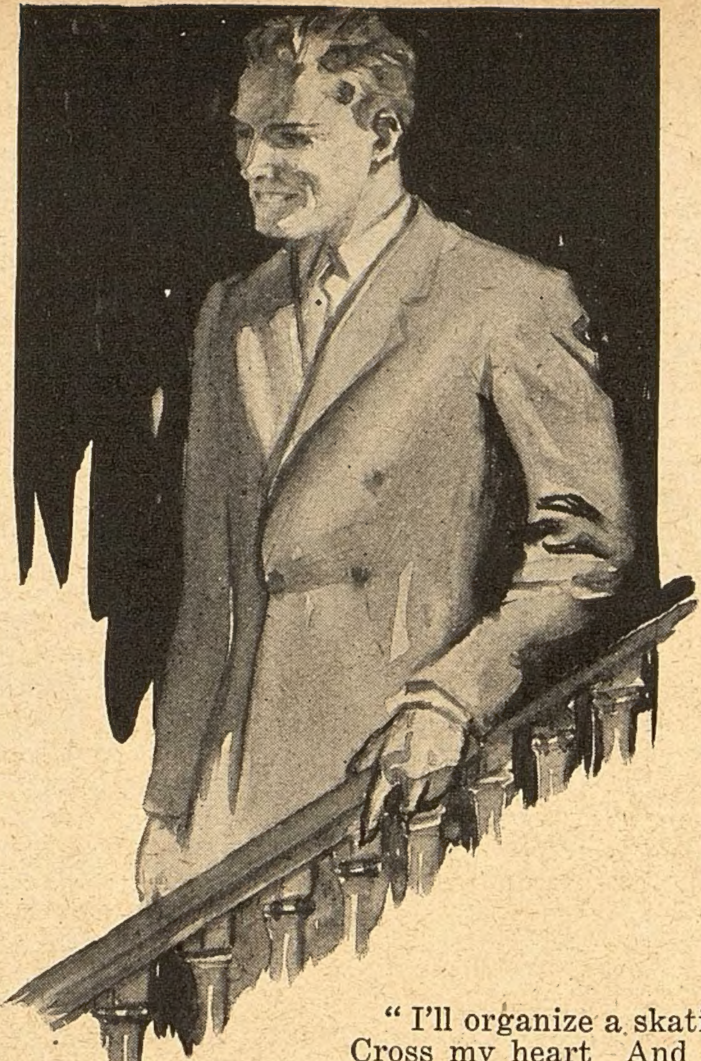
"So-o. Well, I'm Nick Kiley."

"Come right in," said Carey. "The papers are all ready."

In Carey Marshal's office there was not even a semblance of order. Legal documents were scattered about the desk; in a wire basket was an accumulation of mail. Law books were piled high on the desk, on an adjoining table, and—unapologetically—on the floor.

Carey seemed entirely at ease. Mr. Kiley performed proper introductions.

"Meet Miss Cameron, Mr. Marshall—Miss Dale Cameron."



Carey extended a lean powerful hand, looked into Miss Cameron's eyes, and stated that he was glad to meet her.

After all, Dale Cameron was a most interesting person to meet.

She was scarcely more than five feet two inches in height. Her figure was dainty and exquisitely symmetrical. Her hair was chestnut brown, and of the proper and most bewitching length. But it was the eyes that you could not forget: they were deep violet, clear and bright. Nice eyes. Eyes which smiled up at you through long dark lashes.

She wore a white silk sports dress, topped by a waist-length cape of powder blue. When she moved the cape fell away, disclosing arms which were soft and round and—well, tantalizingly touchable. A small blue hat of the same shade as the cape completed the ensemble. She wore white shoes and gloves and carried a tiny white bag.

". . . and this," Mr. Kiley was saying, "is Chris—Chris Blake. He's my other assistant."

Cary instinctively liked Chris Blake. Just a kid, but a nice kid. Carey saw through Chris's coat and made note of the superb body beneath.

"The papers are ready?" inquired Nick Kiley.

CAREY smiled at the tall spare man with the bald head. "Nothing to do but sign the lease, Mr. Kiley." Then his smile broadened. "Would you mind telling me what you're planning to do with this old warehouse?"

"Shuh!" Mr. Kiley shrugged. "I don't know as it'd interest *you*, Mr. Marshal—but me and my friends here, we're fixing to open a skating rink."

Carey Marshal blinked. "A skating rink? In Karnak?"

"Yessir!" Nick Kiley rose and paced the room, losing for a moment his preternaturally grave look. "Here's the why of it," he explained with gestures. "All my life I been a carnival man, see? Playing the tanks and working the buttons off my vest for some other guy. Well, all the time I'm looking for a soft spot. A grift of my own. Now I got it!"

Carey Marshal looked at the younger folks, most particularly at Dale Cameron.

"The roller-skating craze has swept the country," explained the girl. "We—that is, Mr. Kiley and Chris and myself—travel from town to town. We own that old truck you've probably seen—or heard. In it we carry two crates of roller skates, a very loud phonograph, a fine selection of records, a spotlight, a few costumes, and eight cubic feet of optimism. We find a town, Karnak for instance, which hasn't done much skating recently. We rent a warehouse, lay a good skating floor, charge admission, rent skates, give lessons, and try to attract a great many patrons. When the interest dies down we move on to the next town."

"HMM!" observed Carey Marshall. "An interesting profession. You three are partners?" he asked.

"No," answered the girl. "Nick hires us. Chris and I give lessons and put on skating exhibitions to attract the crowds." She leaned forward earnestly. "Mr. Marshal, you could help. Not vouching for us, or anything like that, but spreading the word that we're running a place for the better-class folks."

"I'll organize a skating party for your opening night. Cross my heart And now"—he magically produced a legal document from under a mass of other papers on his black-walnut desk—"here's the lease. If you'll sign here, Mr. Kiley, and give me the first month's rent to turn over to Lying Bill—"

Nick Kiley signed, stretched, and sighed. "So that's that. You been darn' nice to us, Mr. Marshal."

"I enjoyed it. And I love the prospect of having something to do evenings in the near future. If there's anything else I can do—"

"Well," said Nick with some shade of apology in his voice, "there is, for a fact. Me and Chris here—we're fixing to sleep in the two rooms back of the skating rink and sort of eat around. But Dale, she's got to find herself a room in some nice respectable place."

Carey's eyes instinctively sought those of the girl. He rose. "I can do exactly that," he said cheerfully. "In fact, I have an inspiration."

"Not the hotel," said Chris quickly. "These tank-town hotels ain't so hot, Mr. Marshal."

"Right you are," agreed Marshal. "But this is better than any hotel. I'm taking you, Miss Cameron, to meet the Branham girls. The younger of the two is well over fifty. They're lovely, and they own and operate a tea room which serves the tastiest food in seven counties."

As they reached the reception room, the door to the other private office opened and a gentleman emerged. Dale Cameron knew, without asking, that he was Carey's father.

David Marshal was tall—taller than his son by a good two inches. Broad shoulders carried his sixty years lightly, keen gray eyes gazed out on the world understandingly and charitably, and at the corners of those eyes there were tiny crow's-feet which betrayed the source of the son's sense of humor.

Major Marshal—whose one weakness was an insistence upon letting you know that his title was not a mere Southern courtesy but one which had been earned in the Judge-Advocate-General's Department during the World War—was a striking figure. His hair was white, prematurely so; but in this case it seemed to make him look younger. His features were sharp, the nose markedly aquiline, the lines of the face deeply graven, the jaw square and prominent.

He advanced with hand extended, and accepted his son's introductions and explanations.

Major Marshal insisted that they make the offices of Marshal & Marshal their headquarters. "And that goes especially for you, young lady," he boomed, betraying the first expected touch. "If you'll pardon an old man for saying so, you're most amazin'ly pretty."

The quartet descended the dark stairway, now happily free from falling colored persons, and emerged on Court Street. There they turned left toward Court House Square. And at that instant Mrs. Lisbeth Morrow, wife of Quincy Morrow of the Morrow Cotton Mills, drove by with her friend Diana Haines.

"Did you see that?" inquired the virtuous Lisbeth. "Carey Marshal walking with that girl?" Mrs. Morrow put a certain inflection on the words "that girl" which was not precisely complimentary, nor was it intended to be.

Diana—short and dumpy and very positive—sighed. "Yes, I saw," she said. "And what of it?"

Facing the square from the northeast corner was a modest and attractive little establishment flaunting a sign which its proprietresses considered quite literary:

YE OLDE ENGLISH TEA SHOPPE

Miss Eva Branham greeted Carey Marshal and his companions. She was a tiny thing who appeared to be in the process of drying up. But her wrinkled face accepted Carey's introductions, bade her guests be seated, and then—at Carey's suggestion—retired to a corner with him. Miss Mathilda—second of the Branham girls—four years younger, four inches taller, and noticeably bony—was summoned.

The conference now became serious. And finally the younger Branham girl rose and descended upon the strangers.

"I'm Mathilda Branham," she announced in a voice which was crisp but incredibly kindly. "Carey Marshal wants us to take you to board. I always do everything Carey wants, and he knows it. Besides, you're too pretty to be turned loose on this town. They won't dare gossip about you if you're living with me."

Dale turned to the young man. "I don't know how to thank you, Mr. Marshal, I don't, really—"

"Well, I do," interrupted Nick Kiley. He took pencil and paper from his pocket and scribbled rapidly. Then he made his *beau geste:* "There, Mr. Marshal, with my compliments, is a pass to the Monarch Skating Palace."

"Thank you." Carey bowed gravely. "I appreciate it."

Mr. Kiley was not yet through. He beamed at the Misses Branham.

"And there's passes for both of you, too—any time you want 'em. Do you roller skate?"

"Heavens, no!" Miss Eva was horrified. But Miss Mathilda was made of sterner stuff.

"Give me the pass, Mr. Kiley. We might decide to try."

KARNAK is of the South, Southern; that is to say it is composed of equal parts of ambition and tradition.

If you live in Karnak things close to home assume tremendous importance, and events of general concern lose interest in inverse ratio to their distance from Court House Square.

At first there had been mild curiosity as to what manner of idiot had leased Lying Bill Murray's old warehouse on Railroad Avenue. There had been eager gossip anent the sheer insanity of the Misses Branham who had accepted Dale Cameron as a boarder, and there was considerable conjecture as to whether Carey Marshal was becoming infatuated with the new girl.

It was agreed that if this were the case (and before the story had been told thrice, Karnak accepted it as fact) it was a very unfortunate thing. The Marshals were blue bloods; aristocrats. Ancestors on the paternal and maternal sides had ridden with the Swamp Fox, had received honorable wounds in Mexico, had charged on horseback with Forrest. And then, too, there was Pat Warren.

As a matter of fact, Miss Patricia Warren—slender, brunet, dignified, and possessing a grand sense of humor—was less concerned about the situation than any one else cared to believe. Having been designated by the community as the logical person to become the wife of Carey Marshal, she neither verified nor denied rumors.

On the opening night of the rink—a memorable occasion in Karnak—Pat Warren had been unofficial hostess to a party given by Carey Marshal for members of their own social group.

Then Karnak's decision was made. If the rink was good enough for folks like Carey Marshal and Pat Warren and their friends, it was good enough for anybody, and entirely too good for the rowdy element which made Lefty Bragan's pool room its headquarters.

Mr. Kiley was grateful and took occasion one night, when the rink had been operating successfully for almost a month, to thank Carey Marshal.

"You done the whole thing, Mr. Marshal. A joint like this has either got class or it ain't, see? Well, you and Miss Warren here, and all your friends—well, you give us the swank touch we needed. We don't allow no bums or louses, because we don't need 'em."

PAT WARREN was delighted. Nick was a type new to her, and she eagerly had cultivated him. And between herself and Dale Cameron there had sprung up a friendship which was just exactly that, no matter what it lacked in intimacy. At lunch one day in Ye Olde English Tea Shoppe, Pat invited Dale to join her and then and there learned something of the girl's past.

She told Carey Marshal all about it one morning as they rode together along the pine-scented bridle path near her home in Pineville. "She's a high-school graduate. She's intelligent and refined. Her folks died within a month of each other. She was left without friends, without money, and with a few relatives she didn't like.

"She tried stenography and admits she was terrible at it. Then Nick Kiley and this lad Chris drifted into town with their skating rink. One thing Dale could do superbly was to skate. To make a long story short, when Kiley left town, Dale went with him, and she's been with him ever since—almost two years. It's been a gypsy life, but—I fancy—a mighty interesting one. And the two men are crazy about her."

Carey nodded gravely. "So I've noticed."

Pat smiled. "Meaning Chris Blake, for instance?"

"Yes."

"He's a grand kid. And I don't care if he is older than I am; he's a kid anyway. Perfectly mad about Dale, too."

"And she?"

"*Quien sabe?* But I don't think so. There's too much fineness about her. Not that she doesn't like him, but I'll bet my new hat there'll never be anything else on her part."

"I wish," said Carey gravely, "that certain tabbies in this benighted community could believe that. I think they're rotten."

"Of course they are. But equally of course you can't stop 'em talking scandal. Half the good ladies have imagined an affair between Dale Cameron and Nick Kiley. The other half—slightly more amorous in thought—insist that Dale and Chris are lovers. As a matter of fact, if ever a young lady had virtue marked all over her, Dale Cameron has. There are a good many young men in Karnak who could testify to that—if they would."

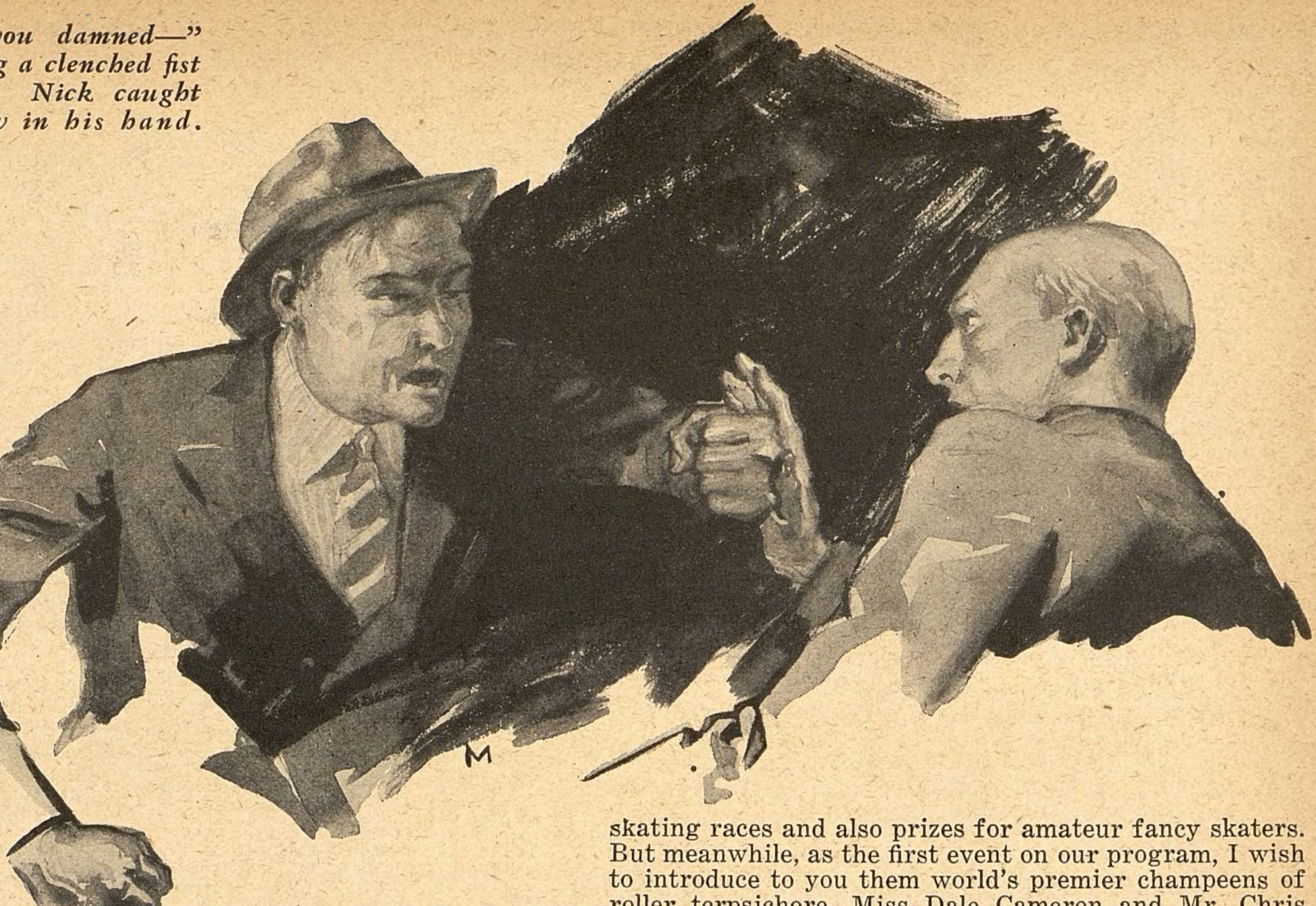
Pat Warren was right. During the month Dale Cameron had been in town she had aroused in the bosoms of certain young men the desire to emulate Casanova.

Introductions to Dale had been easy to obtain. Twenty-five cents admission to the rink, an extra quarter for skates, and fifty cents more for a lesson.

The effect of the skating craze upon the town had been amazing, and not a trifle bewildering. It had climaxed the evening that Miss Mathilda Branham—who had always been a positive sort of person—actually put on a pair of skates and glided out on the floor under the strong guidance of Chris Blake.

The rink was a success. It was a blessing. Nick Kiley was extraordinarily happy. He was so happy, in fact, that he planned a great gala evening, with prizes.

Placards and throw-aways were printed at the plant of the Karnak Weekly Banner. Karnak was notified that Friday would see the greatest night in the brief history of the Monarch Skating Palace on Railroad Avenue, next to the B. & T. Railroad section house. Fancy skating exhibition by those premier world artists, Miss Dale



"Why, you damned—" He swung a clenched fist at Kiley. Nick caught the blow in his hand.

Cameron and Mr. Chris Blake. Skating races. Music. Gifts. Come one—come all! One of these placards was brought to a young man who lounged on the veranda of the Karnak Hotel. Mr. Fred Baxter read it and passed it over to his companions.

"Big doin's at the rink Friday night," he observed. "What you say we all get tanked up and go over?"

From eight o'clock that Friday evening it was apparent to the astute Mr. Kiley that the citizens of Karnak had entered into the festal spirit of the occasion. Most of the younger crowd were there, and just outside the rail which surrounded the skating surface one could see a cross section of Karnak's social life.

The Branham girls were there, of course, feeling a proprietary and almost maternal interest in the affair. Mr. and Mrs. Quincy Morrow sat near the very loud electric phonograph from which spurted jazz music of rather ancient vintage. Assembled also were Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Grainger, president and owner respectively of the Karnak State Bank, who amazed the crowd by renting skates and doing very well indeed on them; Brother Tidball, elongated gentleman who preached informally on the slightest provocation and was generally beloved in Karnak; Lying Bill Murray, owner of the warehouse, and his lopsided cousin, Turkey Bill; George Greckel of Greckel's Garage; Max Crane, pharmacist, and Mrs. Crane; Mr. and Mrs. Dave Levy of Levy's Novelty Shop; in brief, almost everybody who was anybody, and several folks who were nobody at all.

CAREY MARSHAL was there too, as the escort of Pat Warren. They and the other members of their party appeared to be enjoying themselves hugely.

Shortly before ten o'clock Dale Cameron and Chris Blake vanished. Allowing them a few minutes' leeway, Mr. Kiley rang the signal gong thrice, caused the miniature spotlight to be turned upon his bald head, and marched to the center of the floor.

"Ladeez and jumpmen of Karnak," he declaimed. "It is with great pleasure that I bid you, one and all, a warm welcome to this refined and polite headquarters of clean fun and good skating. I appreciate what you folks have done for me and my young associates, and tonight we are planning to show our appreciation in this first of a series of gala evenings. Later tonight, folks, there will be skating races and also prizes for amateur fancy skaters. But meanwhile, as the first event on our program, I wish to introduce to you them world's premier champeens of roller terpsichore, Miss Dale Cameron and Mr. Chris Blake, in their nerve-racking, death-defying, unbelievably beautiful merry mélange of roller-skating technique. Ladeez and jumpmen, I thank you for your attention. Let 'er go, Chris!"

The pimply young man at the spotlight picked out of the darkness two youthful figures which glided on to the floor hand in hand, whirled amazingly, stopped suddenly, and bowed.

FOR the first time Karnak was privileged to see the finely muscled figure of Chris Blake, clad now in a costume of white tights, lavishly spangled.

It was Dale Cameron, though, who inspired the audible "Ooooooh!" which ran about the walls.

She wore the costume of a ballet dancer—brief flaring tulle skirt which ended above her thighs; low-cut bodice which shimmered like a thousand tiny suns in the revealing glare of the spotlight. Sheer silk tights revealed slender rounded legs.

A young man entered unobtrusively and joined Carey Marshal's party. He whispered something to Carey: "Fred Baxter and his crowd of hellions are at the hotel, drinking; and I heard 'em say they were coming over here."

Carey's forehead creased into a frown. He shook his head. "Not so good," he commented. "Those lads are poison."

"Well," the bringer of evil tidings relaxed, "let's hope it isn't so."

But it was so, and in a second-floor room of the Karnak Hotel, Mr. Fred Baxter and his friends were preparing themselves for a very large evening.

The method of preparation was simple. It consisted in talking loudly and boastfully to one another, punctuating their conversation with frequent quaffings from a gallon jug of corn liquor.

Mr. Fred Baxter was not a particularly personable young man. He was tall enough and not badly proportioned, but you knew without touching him that he was flabby, that his muscles were soft. He had a pasty complexion and unhealthy bags under his eyes. And the eyes were close-set and evil. A cigarette tilted loosely from a weakly arrogant mouth. He wore clothes which were too loud and a shirt which fairly shrieked.

In most rural communities—but particularly so in the South—great families exist. They have grown and spread for generations—like weeds; and the blood ties extend far beyond the point where the blood is of discernible thickness.

Such a county family were the Baxters. Rooted in Four Holes Swamp, having no drop of blue blood in any branch of the family, a leader had arisen to carry them to political power.

Next in importance was the powerful Crawford family. The chronic ill feeling between the Crawfords and Baxters had been permitted to die down under the leadership of the magnetic spellbinding Hamp Baxter. Instinctively a politician, Hamp had amalgamated the families, dividing political spoils evenly.

But the leader was Hamp Baxter—Hamp, six feet in height, broad of shoulder, and powerful of muscle; magnificent of face and feature, and possessing, as decoration for his strong, intelligent countenance, a shock of black hair shot through with broad streaks of silver—as though nature had conspired with circumstance to provide Mr. Wade Hampton Baxter with all the physical attributes of leadership. He was a lawyer who made up in silver-throated oratory what he obviously lacked in education and logic.

Hamp Baxter had no family of his own. He lived in a great old house (purchased from a poverty-stricken family whose name was a byword in state history) down by the Catbill River. He had no weakness—no weakness save one. And that weakness was his younger brother Fred.

He was blind to Fred's weaknesses, not even recognizing that they were weaknesses. And no one was so hardy as to criticize Fred to Hamp.

Fred Baxter had been one of the young men who had sought to discover whether Dale Cameron's virtue actually was as impregnable as he had been told. She had been pleasant to him until he became obnoxious; then she had made it very clear that she wanted nothing more to do with him. Her statement to that effect had been so unequivocal that Mr. Baxter had departed from the Monarch Skating Palace vowing never to return, and had taken refuge since then in lying to his cronies as to the extent of the progress he had made.

Tonight Mr. Fred Baxter was in an ugly humor. Never particularly genial, he had indulged too freely in a type of liquid refreshment which is calculated to make one lose a sense of proportion. Furthermore, he was surrounded by a group of five intimate friends—men of about his own age whose greatest ambition in life was to be like Fred. Most of them were more muscular and less unhealthy; all were gross; and the latest arrival, a squat, stocky young man wearing suspenders, provided the ultimate challenge.

"Just come from the skating rink," he announced. "High jinks over there. That Cameron gal is skatin' around almost naked."

FRED BAXTER'S eyes glittered. He rose unsteadily and braced himself against the wall. He made certain obscene remarks anent Dale Cameron.

"Everybody ready?" inquired Mr. Baxter.

They nodded.

"All right, then. Let's go over to that skatin' rink and have some fun."

In Fred Baxter's party there were four Baxters named Baxter and two Baxters named Goring. All were cousins in varying degrees.

The six considered themselves—in their own vernacular—hot shots. For pastime they played pool at Lefty Bragan's, drank moonshine, courted girls who were known to be—or suspected of being—complaisant, and regaled one another with stories of their exploits and conquests.

They purchased tickets and entered the Monarch just as Dale and Chris were completing a rather difficult encore routine. Led by Fred Baxter, they clapped, stamped, whistled, and catcalled. Lights came on and all eyes turned toward the door. Apprehensive eyes. Quiet, decent folks shook their heads and whispered:

"That's Fred Baxter and his crowd."

The sextet of invaders rented skates and hilariously rolled out on the floor. The phonograph was blaring bravely, but a tension had set in. The better folks, who had been enjoying themselves hugely until then, skated more cautiously. The six young men skated fast and dangerously.

Dale Cameron reappeared, having changed her costume. As she glided on to the floor young Baxter rolled alongside and grabbed her arm.

"'Lo, honey," he said thickly. "Le's have a whirl."

Dale sensed trouble, and because of that attempted to humor the spoiled unpleasant young man. She tried to smile, to be soothingly friendly.

AS they skated slowly past the place where Carey Marshal's party was sitting, Carey's face was flushed with anger and he made a motion to rise.

"Somebody ought to rescue Miss Cameron from that drunken lout," he said, but Greg St. Julien, a young friend, put out a restraining hand.

"Better lay off, Carey. Baxter's in a rotten humor and you don't want to start a brawl with white trash."

"That's true. But, my God, Greg—"

The floor was clearing. Most of the skaters were inexpert, and they were terror-stricken by the roaring charges of the Baxter contingent. Dale continued to skate smoothly and easily with Fred Baxter.

"Please go home, Fred."

"An' leave you? That's askin' too much."

"Come back some other time."

"S'pose I did? Would you be sweet to me?"

"Well, I'd try."

"Know what I mean?"

"I suppose I do—"

"I bet you do. Girl that's knocked around like you have. Now listen, honey." Baxter leaned close, almost losing his balance in the process. He whispered into Dale Cameron's ear.

Carey Marshal saw the girl turn white. She stopped abruptly, and Fred—because he had tight hold of her arm—stopped also. The fascinated spectators saw her say something to the young man, then turn and skate from the floor. At the gateway she encountered Nick Kiley and Chris Blake.

"What did he say?" demanded Chris.

"Nothing. Let me through, please."

The young man held her arm. "Tell me what he said."

She shook her head. "What's the use, Chris? Can't you draw your own conclusions?"

His eyes blazed. "Why, the dirty—"

Nick Kiley spoke—evenly and quietly. "Take off your skates, Chris. Don't let anybody see you doin' it, either. I'm not gonna let a gang of drunks bust up a decent respectable place."

Chris returned to Nick's side skateless.

"I wouldn't start trouble if I were you, Nick," counseled Dale.

Frankly Nick Kiley couldn't quite understand the extent of the terror which Fred Baxter was inspiring. Being an outlander—knowing nothing of local affairs—he did not realize that Fred was Hamp Baxter's brother, and that Hamp Baxter was the biggest man in six counties.

Nick was waiting. Thirty years of experience on carnival lots had taught him to proceed slowly.

And then it happened. Fred Baxter and Ez Goring, skating crazily hand in hand, gauged their distance erroneously. There was a collision, a shriek, and a pale young man and his girl companion sprawled on the floor. Nick Kiley's face grew livid. He spoke crisply to Chris:

"Come on, son. Here's where we step in."

A score of frightened persons stopped at the front door to watch. They saw the tall lean figure of the bald-headed carnival man. They saw him approach Fred Baxter. They saw Chris Blake's slender muscular form beside him.

The music was stilled. Kiley's voice, cold and incisive, crackled through the room.

"We've had enough of that," he said.

Baxter grinned foolishly. "Out of my way, you."

He attempted to skate away, but Kiley grabbed him.

"You're washed up for the night, son. I ain't seeking trouble, but what you ask for, you're gonna get."

"Yes?" Baxter's sharp eyes narrowed. "What you goin' to do about it?"

Kiley didn't hesitate. "Are you leavin' quietly or do I have to throw you out?"

The Baxter temper blazed, the temper of a spoiled Baxter youth. "Why, you damned—" He swung a clenched fist at Kiley. Nick caught the blow in his hand.

"That settles it!" he said grimly. "Out you go!"

Two Baxters and one Goring ranged alongside. Chris Blake faced them. "Keep out of this, you mugs."

Fred Baxter struggled. He spouted vituperation. "If I had these skates off—"

Nick Kiley was propelling him firmly toward the door. "I gave you a chance to go peaceable—"

"You—you— I'm Fred Baxter!"

"I don't give three hoots in Hades who you are. You ain't stayin' here—and you ain't comin' back, ever."

The other five young men, considerably sobered, followed the inglorious progress of their leader.

"Off with them skates!"

The six young men tore the skates from their feet.

"Now," ordered Nick, "scram!"

They looked at each other. They looked at Nick. Fred Baxter took one step forward, just one.

"I'll get you for this, you—"

Nick did not move. Neither did Chris. They stood motionless as the four Baxters and two Gorings—all cousins—moved away. Then Nick returned to the floor and beckoned for silence.

"Folks," he said, "I'm terrible sorry this thing happened. It wasn't our fault, as you could see. We stood it as long as we could, trying to avoid trouble. But I'd like to remind you that I'm runnin' a refined, polite place, and I ain't gonna stand for no rough stuff from nobody. Let's join in the merriment again, folks."

But there was no response to his cordial invitation. The guests moved quickly toward the exit, as though to escape danger. Nick was bewildered and disappointed. Mr. Kiley heaved a deep sigh. "Well, we're through for tonight. I'm turning in. And I think—considerin' what happened here tonight, Chris—that you'd better walk home with Dale."

The young man looked eagerly at the girl and she nodded. Nick accompanied them to the door.

The two chatted briefly and impersonally, chiefly about the annoyance of the evening and its portent. And it was Dale who advised that Chris return to his room by a circuitous route.

"If you go straight back," she argued, "you'll have to pass the hotel and the pool room. Those boys hang out there, and seeing you alone they might start trouble."

Chris's brown eyes held hers. "I'm not scared."

"Of course you're not, Chris. But that has nothing to do with it. Nick don't want trouble, and you should do everything you can to avoid it. Promise me you will."

Chris promised. He would have promised Dale anything at any time. And once he had promised he kept his word. He headed north on Marsden Avenue, turned to the right along an old wagon road which was used to haul cotton to the Morrow cotton gin, and then, because he was restless and not at all sleepy, he crossed the railroad tracks and walked away from town, away from Karnak, and into Four Holes Swamp.

Most of Karnak had retired. Carey Marshal's crowd had returned to Pineville, four miles distant.

IN a room at the Karnak Hotel, Fred Baxter and his five cousins discussed the affair—quite profanely—and renewed their courage and dignity from the gallon jug of white lightning.

Ez Goring was urging action. He was orating in his stupid heavy way on the honor of the Baxters. He maintained that no damned Yankees couldn't come into Karnak and throw no Baxters around.

Fred Baxter was quiet. He drank steadily. He drank savagely. His narrow distorted mind was whipping itself into a raging sense of injustice.

He rose suddenly and braced himself against the door frame. His tall slender body was swaying, his weak loose-lipped face was working with fury. He emitted a stream of profanity. And then—

"It ain't to be stood!" he announced. "Let's go get those blankety-blank foreigners!"

The six young men weaved through the lobby. The night clerk, a native of Karnak, stared after them and shook his head apprehensively.

They traversed Court House Square and turned down Court Street toward the railroad. Quiet had settled over the little town. Corner lamps spluttered nervously. The town constable, himself a Baxter, glimpsed them from the far corner of the square, over near the Bon Marché Store, but decided wisely to keep his good advice to himself. Reckon he knew better than to interfere with Hamp Baxter's brother. Yes, *sir,* he did!

En route to the rink the young men indulged in courageous conversation.

The Baxters swung into West Street so as to approach the rink from the rear. The two small rooms in which Nick and Chris lived were at the back of the building.

NICK KILEY had waited a half hour for Chris's return. Presuming then that the young man was chatting with Dale on the Branhams' front porch, he undressed and climbed into bed.

Mr. Kiley was exceedingly perturbed. He feared the morrow, wondering what public sentiment would be.

Suddenly the quiet of the night was punctuated by hoarse liquor-freighted voices. Nick sat up straight, his bald head gleaming in the moonlight. He recognized Fred's voice.

Some one banged on the door, and a voice hurled vile epithets through the window. Nick's eyes narrowed. He slipped bare feet into his shoes. He walked, without haste, to an ancient dresser and took from the top drawer a grim blue revolver. Then he approached the window—refraining, however, from exposing himself.

"Who's there?" he inquired.

"It's us, you ——!"

"What do you want?"

"We want you, Kiley! You and the kid that's with you."

"What do you want with us?"

"We want plenty. We're going to beat you up and run you out of town. We ain't standin' for no damned Yankees comin' here and throwing us around."

Nick had faced danger before, real danger. He knew the feel of it. And this was dangerous. Six men, all drunk. Six local men, all overcome with fury. They had come to get him. They called him a Yankee.

Nick's voice was cold, fearless.

"You boys better move on. You ain't gonna get nowhere startin' this kind of trouble."

Raucous laughter greeted the advice. "When we finish with you—" started some one, but another voice interrupted: "Quit talkin'! Let's go get 'em!"

Nick's teeth were clenched. The revolver was in his right hand. "I'm warning you—don't start anything."

"No?" He recognized Fred Baxter's voice. "Are you comin' out or do we come after you?"

"I'm not comin' out!" Kiley spoke evenly. "And I'm warning you not to come after me."

There were whispers from the group outside. Then somebody said, "That's it! Bring it up. We'll batter down the door!"

The quiet of the night was riven hideously by a tremendous thump. The rickety door groaned and sagged on its rusty hinges. Nick braced himself. He was cold as ice. And desperate.

"I'm telling you to quit! I'm telling you!"

Harsh laughter; derisive laughter. Then the infernal thumping again. The door sagged, then crashed inward.

A tall slender figure stood in the gaping aperture limned distinctly in the moonlight. Fred Baxter. He moved one step forward.

"There he is!" he roared thickly. "Let's kill the son of—"

He said no more. The gun in Nick Kiley's hand spoke once—venomously.

In the next installment you will read what happened to Nick Kiley and Fred Baxter and how Carey Marshall accepted a case.

DESERT BANDITS
ROBBER BARONS
HORSE RAIDERS

How You Can Prevent CRIME

The Racketeer Can Be Licked, But Every Citizen Must Help; And That Means YOU, says the Nation's Chief Prosecutor

(Reading time: 18 minutes 20 seconds.)

THE time has come when we must strike back at the army of criminals who are waging war against organized society. We must strike the weapons from their hands. We must drive their corrupt political allies out of action. And we must select our own weapons of attack with care and skill if we are to rid Americans of the army of extortioners, kidnapers, and racketeers who have been spawned in our great cities.

The right of a man accused of crime to legal representation, the right of habeas corpus, the right to trial by jury, and the right of appeal are sacred rights. But their exercise by technical quackery and their invocation to obstruct substantial justice are as wrong as is the sale of machine guns to gangsters. Drastic reform of legal procedure and the disbarment of those lawyers whose methods of practice make them the accomplices of crime are needed to safeguard the equally sacred rights of the people to be protected against the violence of organized criminals.

The right of political organization in a democracy is a sacred right; but to utilize political methods for the protection of criminals and to foster public apathy toward crime comes close to treason.

The warfare which the armed underworld is waging upon organized society has reached alarming proportions. Our vigilance must not be relaxed by recent police reports from some of our large cities suggesting a definite decline in major crimes during the past year. The fact remains that our citizens are being laid under tribute by predatory crime—including racketeering—to such an extent as to demand a vigorous counterattack by the public and by their peace army—the police.

For we are dealing with more than isolated crimes of hatred, greed, or desperation. We are dealing with organized, commercialized *predatory crime;* crime as a business; robbery, murder, and blackmail on an efficient wholesale and retail basis.

Predatory crime—deliberate attempts to extract money by illegal methods, such as kidnaping, blackmail, and racketeering—is national in scope. It has outgrown even state boundaries. Today we find a large group of people who are organized to wage war upon law and order, a group which to some extent possesses the aspects of a government of its own.

The doctrine of silence taught by the leaders of crime, the doctrine of swift vengeance upon criminals who disobey the rules of the underworld—all are marks of a certain rough sort of alliance which is growing up underneath civilized government; and it may be proper and accurate to speak of the menacing coagulation of organized criminals as a government of the underworld.

It is equally proper to speak of what society is doing to protect itself against the underworld as a war against crime. It is a significant fact that *there are more people armed with deadly weapons warring against American society today than there are men in the United States Army and Navy.*

This situation cannot be permitted to remain.

First of all, we must cut off the underworld's supplies of guns and ammunition. Already, at the suggestion of the Department of Justice, a clause has been inserted in the NRA code for small-arms manufacturers, prohibiting the sale of machine guns to any but the public authorities and certain designated private institutions, such as banks, etc. During the next session of Congress we may be certain that legislation will be presented to meet the evils which result from the unrestricted sale and availability of machine guns and other deadly weapons to the general public.

The second step is to study the enemy and to devise a police organization which will enable us to exterminate him.

We must not forget that racketeering is not a recent creation: the practices of intimidation, extortion, kidnaping, and the selling of " protection " have existed for centuries. If left unchecked, racketeering may destroy civilized government and establish a predatory government of its own. Many forms of political government have originated in racketeers.

By the Honorable HOMER S. CUMMINGS,

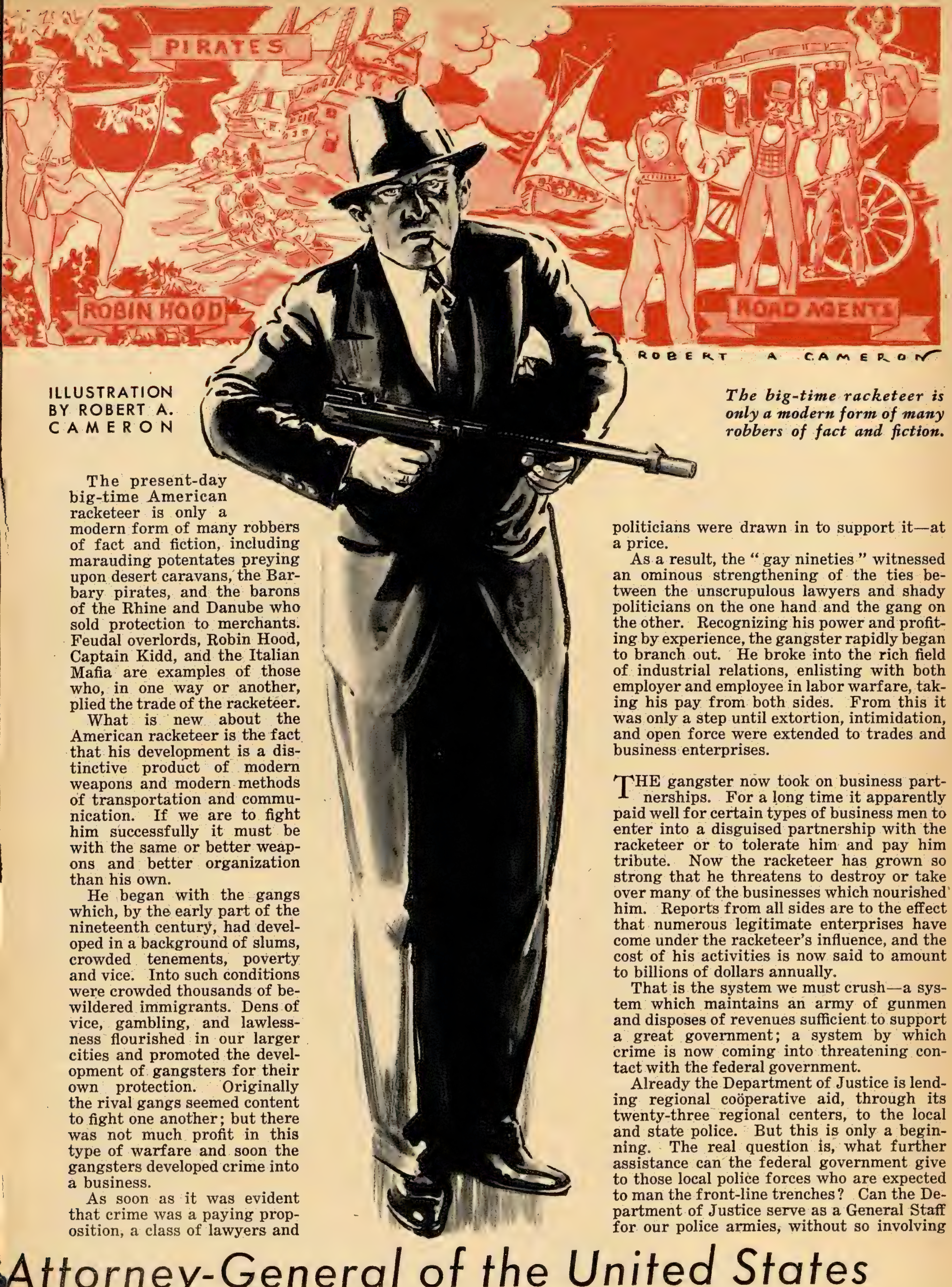


ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT A. CAMERON

The big-time racketeer is only a modern form of many robbers of fact and fiction.

The present-day big-time American racketeer is only a modern form of many robbers of fact and fiction, including marauding potentates preying upon desert caravans, the Barbary pirates, and the barons of the Rhine and Danube who sold protection to merchants. Feudal overlords, Robin Hood, Captain Kidd, and the Italian Mafia are examples of those who, in one way or another, plied the trade of the racketeer.

What is new about the American racketeer is the fact that his development is a distinctive product of modern weapons and modern methods of transportation and communication. If we are to fight him successfully it must be with the same or better weapons and better organization than his own.

He began with the gangs which, by the early part of the nineteenth century, had developed in a background of slums, crowded tenements, poverty and vice. Into such conditions were crowded thousands of bewildered immigrants. Dens of vice, gambling, and lawlessness flourished in our larger cities and promoted the development of gangsters for their own protection. Originally the rival gangs seemed content to fight one another; but there was not much profit in this type of warfare and soon the gangsters developed crime into a business.

As soon as it was evident that crime was a paying proposition, a class of lawyers and politicians were drawn in to support it—at a price.

As a result, the " gay nineties " witnessed an ominous strengthening of the ties between the unscrupulous lawyers and shady politicians on the one hand and the gang on the other. Recognizing his power and profiting by experience, the gangster rapidly began to branch out. He broke into the rich field of industrial relations, enlisting with both employer and employee in labor warfare, taking his pay from both sides. From this it was only a step until extortion, intimidation, and open force were extended to trades and business enterprises.

THE gangster now took on business partnerships. For a long time it apparently paid well for certain types of business men to enter into a disguised partnership with the racketeer or to tolerate him and pay him tribute. Now the racketeer has grown so strong that he threatens to destroy or take over many of the businesses which nourished him. Reports from all sides are to the effect that numerous legitimate enterprises have come under the racketeer's influence, and the cost of his activities is now said to amount to billions of dollars annually.

That is the system we must crush—a system which maintains an army of gunmen and disposes of revenues sufficient to support a great government; a system by which crime is now coming into threatening contact with the federal government.

Already the Department of Justice is lending regional coöperative aid, through its twenty-three regional centers, to the local and state police. But this is only a beginning. The real question is, what further assistance can the federal government give to those local police forces who are expected to man the front-line trenches? Can the Department of Justice serve as a General Staff for our police armies, without so involving

Attorney-General of the United States

itself in problems of detailed administrations as to take from the states those fundamental rights and obligations which are inherent in them and which the federal government must expect them to uphold?

Suggestions have been made that we should establish an American Scotland Yard. Many who make this demand undoubtedly have little knowledge of what Scotland Yard really does, and little familiarity with the real character of the American police system.

Detective fiction has led many of us Americans to understand that Scotland Yard is an omnipresent police force endowed with far-flung and almost supernatural powers. Actually it is a metropolitan police force in London, organized under the British Home Office, with the power—but not the duty—to answer calls for help from the local police forces outside the London area. It is in every way an admirable institution, well adapted to the geographical, racial, and political factors involved in the British crime problem. Interesting in this connection is a recent report issuing from London to the effect that the British government *is proposing to establish* a national police system.

In the Division of Investigation the Department of Justice already possesses an American Scotland Yard which is equally well adapted to *our* problems of geography, political jurisdiction, and racial complexity.

In America the local police authority is the foundation of our social organization. With us, therefore, a major task is to extend and improve and to establish better team play for all of our police activities—federal, state, and local; for the powers of the federal government, except in time of grave emergency, are expressly limited. Our war against crime must be based on the American system, which makes the use of the internal police power primarily a matter for the state and local governments. Our task at Washington is to promote voluntary and effective coöperation, and in that we have been remarkably successful, as is shown by the handling of the Urschel kidnaping cases, which involved the police of several states and cities as well as the agents and prosecutors of the Department of Justice. On the other hand, in many cases, as for example the Luer kidnaping case, agents of the Department of Justice have given valuable assistance to local authorities.

Scotland Yard has full discretion as to which crimes, committed outside of its metropolitan jurisdiction, it will investigate upon the request of local authorities. I am doubtful of the wisdom of affirmatively giving similar power to our Division of Investigation. In the first place, the division is doing that already, somewhat informally, limiting itself to cases which have a national aspect. To change this informal practice into a regular system might give no better results and might encourage the local police to lie down on the job and turn all difficult, dangerous, and troublesome cases over to the Department of Justice. We don't want a division or shift in authority which might encourage less activity.

SCOTLAND YARD helps to maintain standards of police efficiency by granting funds for the support of local police forces which meet certain requirements. Such a system hardly fits in with our way of handling police problems, to say nothing of other obvious objections to the idea of having the central government help pay local police salaries. Instead, Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, Director of Investigation, has established a system of voluntary conferences of police chiefs, which are largely attended and which are addressed by representatives of the Division of Investigation in an effort to establish better standards of police work.

On the score of identification and detection our Division of Investigation need fear no comparison with any police force in the world. For example, it maintains a national clearing house of criminal records based on fingerprints. This contains the largest number of currently valuable criminal records of this type in the entire world, consisting of more than 3,900,000 fingerprint cards. Police officers throughout the United States are now contributing an average of 2,200 additional fingerprints of arrested persons daily, and identifications are made showing a previous arrest record in about 45 per cent of these cases. These records supply a useful weapon of constantly growing efficiency in our warfare upon organized crime.

For instance, they are not only of value to the police but to prosecutors and to judges. In keeping ahead of international swindlers or foreign-born criminals we have provided for the exchange of fingerprints with forty-seven foreign countries. Again, by a single print system, it is now possible to identify latent fingerprints of more than 3,226 known extortioners, gangsters, and kidnapers. That this system works well is shown by the fact that the Division of Investigation has solved every one of the fifteen kidnaping cases which have come within its jurisdiction since the enactment of the Federal Anti-Kidnaping Act, and almost as this is being written word comes of the arrest, conviction, and life sentence of the notorious "Machine-Gun" Kelly and his wife Kathryn for their part in the Urschel kidnaping—all within a few days after Kelly had defied the authorities and threatened to murder the witnesses and complainants in the trial of his accomplices.

WE assemble and publish crime statistics from police departments which voluntarily submit them. This work permits us to analyze the general situation so as to combat and prevent it. Through the Bureau of Standards and the Division of Investigation we have done considerable research work in the field of scientific efficiency of the great Central European police forces.

We are now developing to the extreme the scientific examination of clues—a strand of hair, dirt under the nails of a victim, certain types of shoe leather and clothing, the impressions of typewriter keys, which are now becoming highly significant to the trained observer.

So the Department of Justice has already secured many convictions of known racketeers. We also have many cases pending in which indictments have been obtained under a variety of laws, such as the federal antitrust laws, the National Motor Vehicle Theft Act, the income-tax laws, the narcotic, prohibition, immigration, and counterfeiting statutes, the mail-fraud and bankruptcy laws, and the new Federal Securities Act.

Combined, the federal and state governments have the laws, the organizations, and the equipment with which to fight the racketeer. Our real problem is to deprive him of his more or less reputable allies and to deal with him in the open. With the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment he will automatically lose much of the false sympathy and public support which he received. Then we shall see clearly that the racketeer is an open enemy of society and that his accidental grip on the illicit liquor traffic bore no relation to "personal liberty" but was dictated by the motive of personal greed at public expense.

This conception of the racketeer will be clear gain; for his most valuable ally has been a certain apathy or indifference on the part of the public toward organized crime, backed by terrorism. Usually fear-stricken, those who are threatened often fail to report the early attempts at extortion. For the same reason, or for fear of "wasting" their time, many citizens hesitate to serve as witnesses or will make excuses in order to avoid jury duty.

A worse problem is that of improper political interference with, or control of, law enforcement. When police officials, prosecutors, or judges are led to act contrary to their honest convictions because of the fear of losing their jobs or because of graft, we have an intolerable condition. Only determined local political action by the people themselves can correct this situation.

For efficient police methods are not enough in our war against crime. The most courageous attack may fail in warfare if there is treachery behind the lines.

This brings us to the second group of allies and the second great weapon of the racketeer: lawyers and the law. In combating racketeering, it became immediately apparent to the agencies of law enforcement that most rackets were skillfully organized on a basis of business efficiency, with frequent "front-entrance appearances" of legitimate enterprises, with so-called clever lawyers retained as counsel, and with social and other contacts so developed that they could quickly mobilize aid from otherwise respectable citizens and officeholders. It results, all too often, in the escape of the racketeer from conviction and punishment.

For this condition, I am sorry to say, we can blame some of our lawyers and to some extent the law itself. Under our American system there are many safeguards erected to protect the accused against injustice. In the hands of disreputable lawyers these safeguards often degenerate into gross abuses which are, in effect, just another weapon in the gangster's arsenal. The right of habeas corpus, the right of appeal, the right of release on bond, and the application of our parole and probation system are frequently and shamelessly debauched in order to protect professional criminals. Usually the identity or participation of the undisclosed leader of a gang is protected by the underworld's "code of silence," while naturally the conviction of one of the henchmen of this unnamed leader does not terminate the illegal practices of the principal.

Certainly the Department of Justice must rely upon the agencies of our cities and states in suppressing rackets and racketeering. Without a vigorous local defense of the lives and property of our citizens the federal government cannot do very much, especially as it is handicapped by its ability to enter vigorously only into cases which directly or indirectly involve a federal law. Where the Department of Justice finds local initiative in combating rackets, its work is most effective, as is shown by its success in prosecuting members of the Chicago Candy Jobbers Association and forcing its leaders out of many other rackets controlled by it; also in its successful prosecution of sixty-three members of the Live Poultry Dealers Association in New York City, and other important cases.

Hon. Homer S. Cummings, Attorney-General of the United States, author of this article.

In fact, public coöperation is by no means confined to supporting the police force and the courts. There are many other ways in which the public can help to fight crime. Among these probably the most effective weapon is publicity. Wrong publicity can warn criminals of the knowledge possessed by the police and enable them to destroy evidence, including the murder or terrorization of witnesses, and to evade arrest.

THERE is no reason why the burden of preventing such publicity should depend upon the newspapers alone. The public can also prevent the newspapers from learning such facts as would assist criminals. Witnesses and possessors of clues should keep their information confidential between themselves and the authorities. The right kind of publicity can educate the public to support law-enforcement agencies, to back up honest officials, to demand the purchase of necessary police equipment, to encourage the victims of racketeering to ask police protection, and, above all, to show the criminal how friendless he really is.

Business and labor can help fight the racketeer by forming honest business and employees' associations for that purpose, and by supporting such institutions as the Racket Court, a branch of the Chicago Municipal Court which deals solely with racketeering matters and which has made excellent progress.

Other long-range public measures for fighting organized crime include civic movements to smash the corrupt alliances between crime and politics; modernization of our laws; reform of procedure so as to obtain speedier and surer justice in our criminal courts; closer coördination between the police and the prosecutor; and the further grant of authority to the federal government in crimes which have overrun state boundaries and state control.

All of the above can be accomplished. The law need not remain the tool of the criminal a day longer than the public desires. The purging of the bar to eliminate the unscrupulous lawyer cannot be done by the public alone. The unscrupulous lawyer need not remain the tool of the criminal a day longer than the legal profession desires. It is up to the lawyers themselves to drive out those scavengers who disgrace their profession.

THE American Bar Association has been making heroic efforts to stimulate its Grievance Committees to take drastic action. The disbarment of the shyster lawyer would be a heavy blow to gangdom. The NRA is trying to get industry to discipline itself. The legal profession also needs self-discipline. Disbarment—that is to say, cancellation of a lawyer's right to practice his profession—is a simple and direct weapon of attack against the racketeer. It should be used unsparingly. The legal profession should be given a chance to reform and purge itself. In this work it can depend upon the support and assistance of the Department of Justice.

In summation, I firmly believe that the Department of Justice, with the help of all law-abiding and well thinking citizens, is in a position to smash the American racketeer in his organized war against American society if our legislators can agree to prevent the sale of deadly weapons to the criminals, if our lawyers can agree to interpret their professional duty as being to safeguard the *rights of the accused* rather than to thwart the *punishment of the guilty*, and if our newspapers and our business men and citizens generally will stand up vigorously for their right to be protected against criminals. The war against predatory crime can be won in no other way.

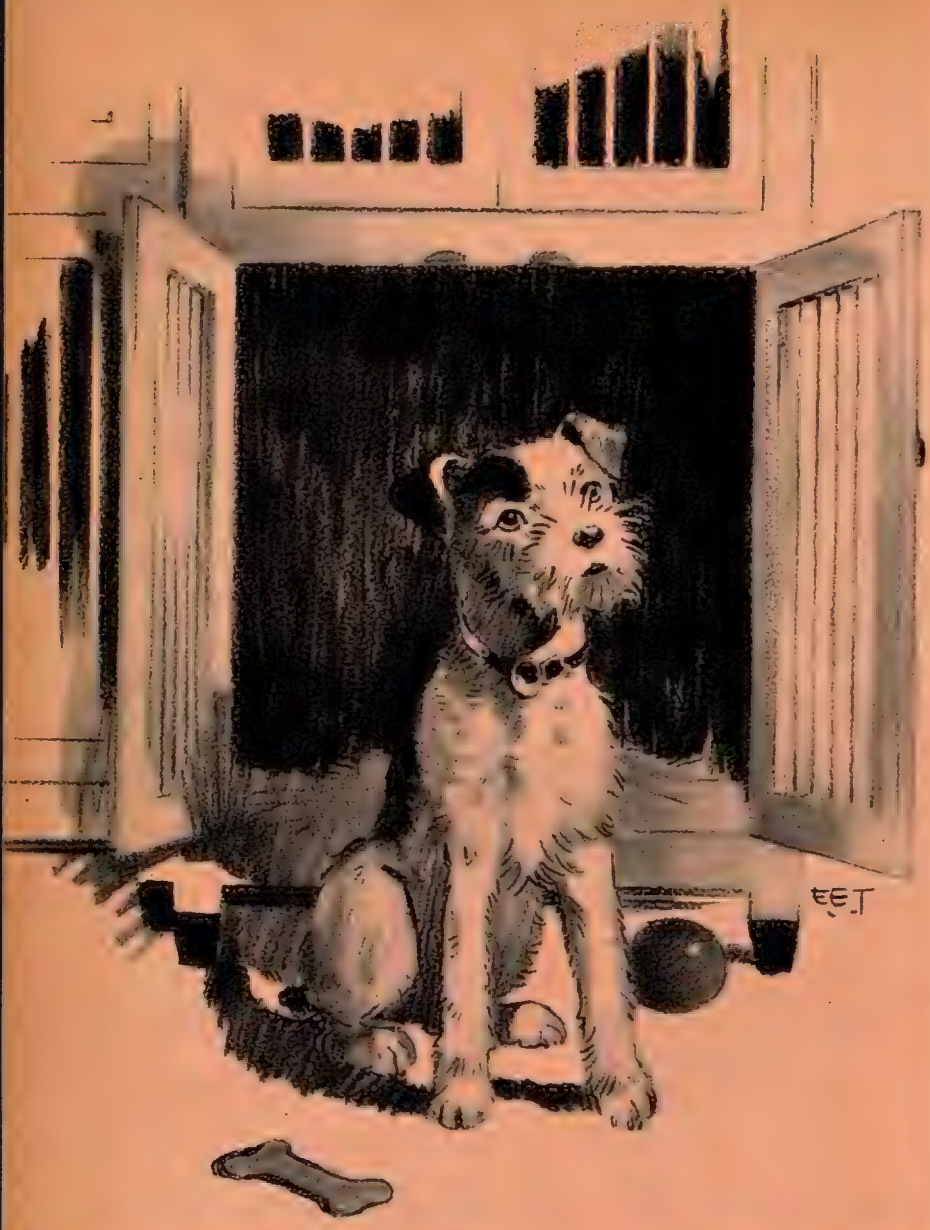
It is a real war, a war that must be fought to a finish by the weapons of democracy if life and property are to be secure in our country. It is a war in which we must all take part.

It has been said that popular government is organized self-control. That is the kind of government our forefathers set up. If we are to pass it on to our children we cannot ignore our duty to enlist in the war against crime.

The indifference of the American public and the laxity of some of our public officials are, when all is said and done, contributing causes of racketeering and organized crime.

Police forces are only the peace-time soldiers of the nation. They must obey the orders of their superiors—the public and its officials—and be loyal to their duty. In return, the police are entitled to the active support of all honest citizens. If the American people are determined to do their part in smashing the racketeer, they should select officials who will unfailingly do theirs. With loyalty and the will to win operating all along the line, the victory over organized crime cannot be long delayed.

THE END



TINY TIM

The Story of a Christmas Ship and a Wanderer Looking for Love

By MAZO de la ROCHE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. E. TEVIS

(Reading time: 16 minutes 15 seconds.)

HE was quite unaccompanied and he was going out to America as a Christmas present to a young lady. He was nine months old but looked on himself as grown up. His legs were as straight as matches, his body as sensitive, as alive, as tense as a fiddle string, and he had a square muzzle, an hysterical tail, and a black spot over one eye. His pedigree was long as his days were short.

In England he had lived in the house with a young man and an old lady. He had been their darling and their pet. There was not a corner of that house, from attic to basement kitchen, where he was not welcome. The maids in the kitchen let him kiss them or even bite them if he chose. His kisses were swift, moist licks; his bites mumbling, gnawing, long-drawn-out worryings that left a good deal of slobber on the part bitten, but no pain.

Of course, that is not the way he bit boots or rubber balls, or the way he would have bitten cats if he could have caught them. His favorite dream was the way he would have bitten cats, if he could have caught them. He would wake from this dream gnashing his small teeth, twitching all over. With one electric movement he would spring to his feet and stare about him.

"Cats, is it?" the old lady would inquire, and she would hobble to the door and let him out into the garden. He would rage up and down it, screaming of his desire to catch a cat in it.

The old lady had been a most untidy old body. Three tidy maids and a tidy grown-up grandson could not keep the house from looking as though it had been stirred up with a spoon. It was an exquisitely happy home for Tiny Tim, because, no matter what he did in it, he could never do wrong.

So the first nine months of his life passed and then the untidy old lady died. Tim missed her a good deal. She had made a delightful cushion to lie on when he was tired from play, and she had always been ready to hobble to the door to let him in or out.

But what he perhaps missed most was her untidiness. Now if he worried the corner of a rug, it was soon laid back in place. Old shoes, old bones, which he had loved to keep handy on the drawing-room rug, were taken quite away where he could not find them. There had always been at least four dishes of food and drink on the floor of the room where he and she sat. Every time he barked at the sugar basin she had given him a lump. He always had the jam spoon to lick. It was useless for her grandson to tell the old lady that Tim would die if she kept on like this. She knew better. She knew that it was she herself who was most likely to die.

So when she died and the young man was given a post in the East, he decided to send Tim as a Christmas present to a young lady in America. And Tim was to carry all the young man's love with him. Some day, it was hoped, those three would live together.

When Tim found himself in a small cage in a small room on board ship, he felt more curious than alarmed. His only companion was an immense Irish wolfhound whose name was Oona, and who was accompanied by a very grim and silent master. Oona utterly ignored Tim. When they were let out of their cages for exercise he tried to make up to her at once.

She looked straight through him with a somber gaze.

He brought his ball and his rubber bone to show her. He got directly in her way, looking up in her face with an ingratiating grin. But she turned her head away from ball and from bone, and when he stood in her path she simply stepped over him.

She was so large and he was so small. He was exquisitely clean and dainty. She was unkempt, strong-smelling. She had an immense attraction for him. He would sit gazing at her by the hour, nervous shivers running down his spine and through his legs.

It was a bad voyage. From the first day out they encountered fog, rough seas, then gales and rougher seas. Oona became more and more melancholy. She began by being very sick, and after that, she refused all food but a mouthful or two of dry biscuit.

No sort of weather affected Tim's stomach. He crunched his biscuit with his square little muzzle turned up to the face of Grierson, his keeper. He swept the dish clean of his soft meal in three gulps that almost lifted him off his feet.

Oona's master was as unfriendly as Oona herself. Twice daily he took her for a walk. They stalked out, stalked round the deck, and stalked back again without looking in the direction of any one else.

When Tim saw Oona's lead being snapped to her collar, he was wild with excitement, wild to go with her to the deck. He danced about on his toes and filled the air with his pleadings. But he might not have existed as far as Oona and her master were concerned.

BUT on the third morning something quite different happened. A young man and a young lady, having nothing better to do, came to look at the dogs, and decided to take Tim for a walk on deck.

He bounced in an ecstasy of hope. Surely now he might find his own house, his own garden, his own old lady.

But he found none of them. The young couple, whose names were Jean and John, held him so closely on his lead that he became quite tired and ceased to strain. He walked sedately with wistful looks into the faces of all he met. Every one was so kind to him. It became the thing for Jean and John to take him for frequent walks. Every one knew him by name, and bits of cake and sweets constantly came his way.

Jean usually led him because he was so becoming to her, and she held his lead so short that he always felt as though he were about to choke. They often passed Oona and her master looking gloomier and more aloof as the days went on.

In this new world of Tim's there were only two dogs, himself and Oona, and Oona would not look at him, would not exchange sniff for sniff or lick for lick. The more he saw of John and Jean, the less he liked them. He grew thinner and thinner. At night he dug into the straw of his cage and tried to dig through the floor itself. He lay curled up in a little shivering heap. He longed to obliterate himself.

Then on his rocking horizon appeared a new old lady. She was even more solid, more impressive, more comfortable than his own old lady.

She came up the steps from the Tourist Class, hanging on firmly to the brass rail, and promenaded solidly around the deck leaning on her ebony stick and peering through windows and doors with an air of dignified curiosity.

One of the deck stewards came up to her apologetically.

"I'm very sorry, madame," he said, "but this deck is reserved for the Cabin passengers."

She stared at him.

"Can't I walk about and look at it?" she asked.

"I am afraid not," he returned still more apologetically.

"Well, well, I'm sorry I have come where I shouldn't, but when one is on one's first sea voyage one likes to look about."

"Of course." The steward spoke deferentially. "It's quite natural, and I'm very sorry indeed—"

"It's your duty," she interrupted and turned back toward the stairs.

THE steward assisted her down them and, returning, met John with Tim on the lead. They were waiting for Jean.

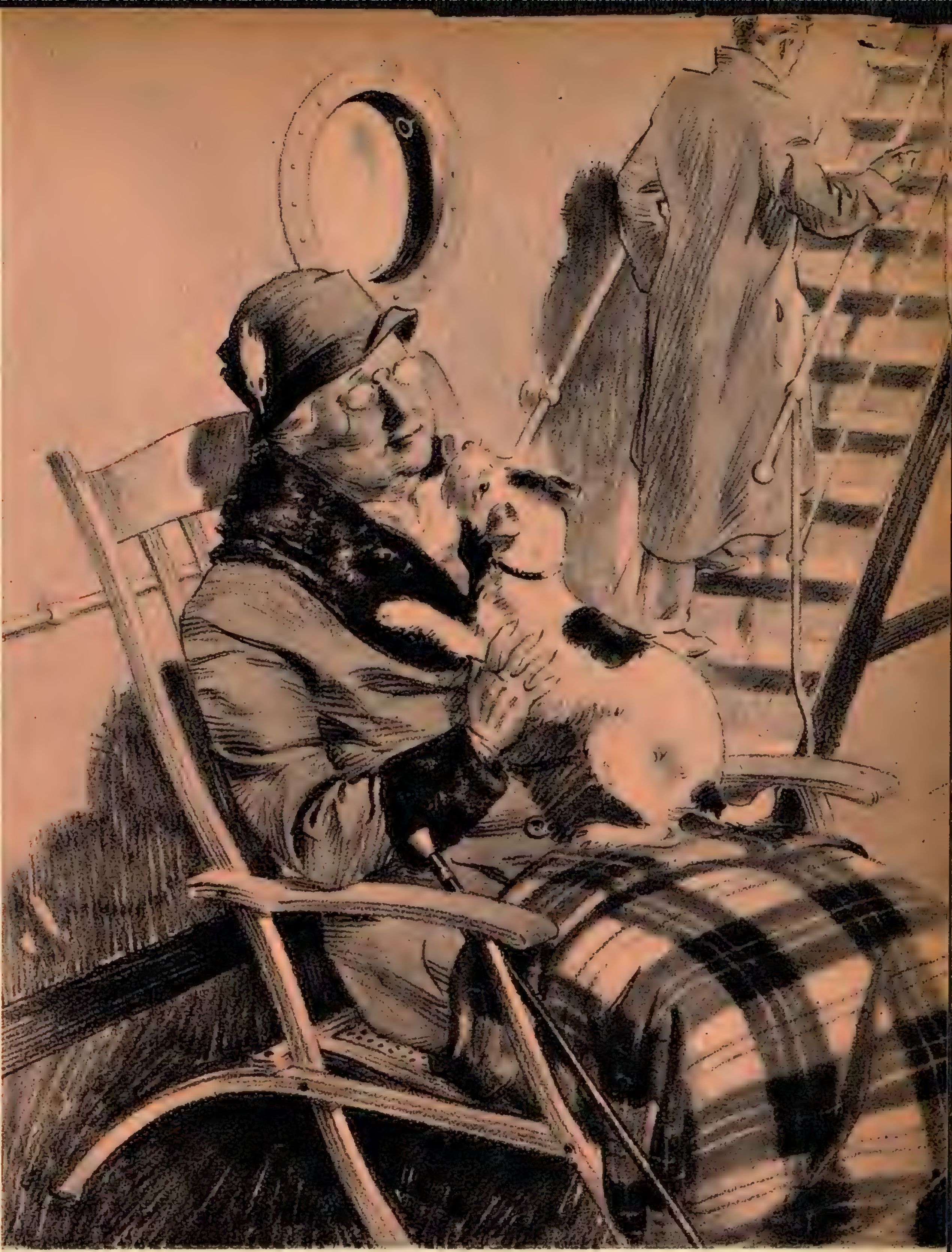
"Did you see that old lady?" asked the steward.

"Yes," answered John, without interest.

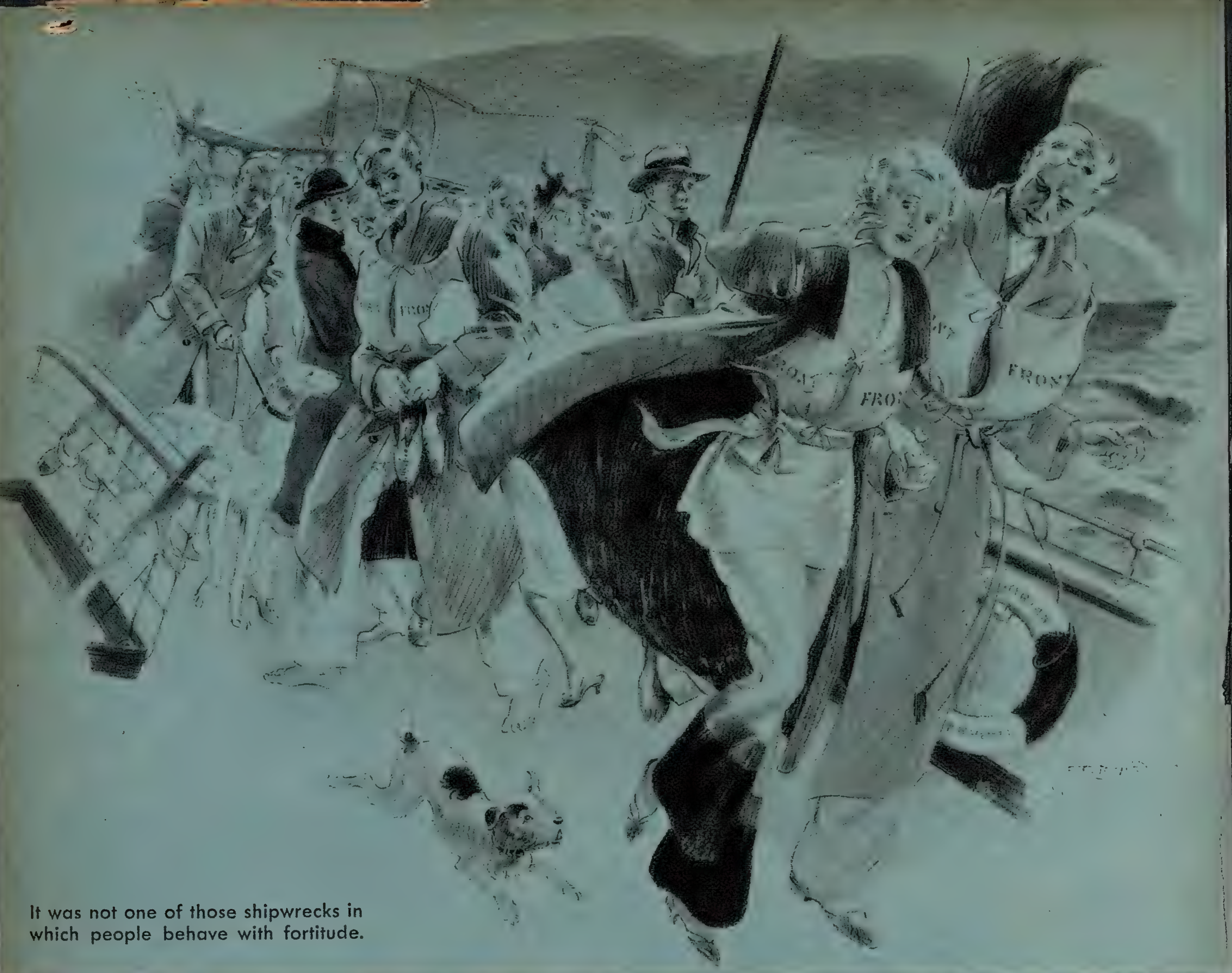
"Well, she's one of the Mount-Dyce-Mounts."

"One of the Mount-Dyce-Mounts!" echoed John unbelievingly.

"Yes, and it's her first trip. She's going out to see a daughter-in-law in British Columbia. Traveling alone. I hated terribly to turn her back off this deck. But I couldn't help it. She's a lovely old lady, she is indeed."



It seemed to be too good to be true. He had found another old lady!



It was not one of those shipwrecks in which people behave with fortitude.

"And a Mount-Dyce-Mount!" exclaimed John, and forgetting all about Jean, he hurried down the steps, dragging Tim after him, and went up to where the old lady had settled herself in her chair.

John introduced himself with a charming air to old Mrs. Mount-Dyce-Mount, and begged her to let him know if he could be of the slightest service to her.

She thanked him kindly and was interested in Tim. She patted her lap and he sprang on to it. His nostrils quivered over the stuff of her dress. Then he looked long and earnestly into her face. He swiftly touched her cheek with his tongue. He gave a joyous bark. It seemed too good to be true. He had found another old lady!

He saw a good deal of her, though not half as much as he desired. John took him to the Tourist deck to call on her twice every day. If John went without him she asked at once for the little dog.

When John, knowing that Jean was waiting impatiently for him to play deck tennis with her, dragged Tim away to the kennels, Tim dug his nails into the deck, made his small body rigid, and turned up his hazel eyes full of pleading and hate for John.

Once the old lady said, "Do let him stay!" And Tim curled up on her lap for an hour of supremest content. When John came to fetch him, Tim snapped at him, and when they were alone together, John hit him with the end of the lead.

There was a fog off Newfoundland. The ship lay motionless in the sullen ice-cold water while all night long the warning whistle sounded. Tim lay curled up tightly, shivering through all his tender being. That day John and Jean had become engaged, and each lay awake planning the future. Old Mrs. Mount-Dyce-Mount lay awake too, thinking of the past and dreading the long rail journey to British Columbia and wondering if her daughter-in-law really wanted her.

Toward morning the engines started, the rhythm of their pulsing ran through the ship. All the passengers who were awake gave sighs of relief and thought, "Thank goodness, we're off."

THE ship moved through the sullen water very quietly, as though feeling her way. But an iceberg submerged in the depths collided with her in a shock so terrible that those who slept were soon awake, wild with fear. A heavy sea was rolling.

The attendant let Tim and Oona out of their cages. Already Tim had been startled by the sharp blasts on the whistle and the shriek of the siren. Oona was unmoved by the excitement about her, but when her master appeared she went at once to him with a slow wag of the tail and a somber light in her eyes.

Tim capered over the deck, a new hope possessing him. Perhaps this strange world of the ship was about to disappear and he would find his way back to his own house and garden. He liked the peculiar listing of the deck which the humans found so terrifying. He dug in his little nails, cocked his ears, and investigated places where John and Jean had never permitted him to go.

Presently he saw them rushing frantically hand in hand, Jean's silk pyjamas fluttering in the icy wind. He flew after them, barking.

It was not one of those shipwrecks in which people behave with fortitude, though heroic deeds were afterward recounted in the newspapers.

Perhaps there were too many on board like John and Jean who fought their way hysterically to the best places, not giving a second thought to old Mrs. Mount-Dyce-Mount.

Tim loved the sight of these pyjamaed legs. He had always longed to bite them, and now he darted after them, nipping first one and then the other. Jean shrieked terribly.

"Oh, oh," she screamed, "he's gone mad!"

John screamed too as Tim's pointed teeth caught him.

Tim circled round and round them, growing more exhilarated with each nip. At last John was quick enough to give him a sharp kick, screaming again as he did so:

"Somebody kill this brute! He's bitten us!"

Women screamed in a new terror and a man unexpectedly whipped out an automatic from his pocket and fired at Tim. The boat listed still more. There was pandemonium aboard.

Tim had not liked the revolver shot at all. He skulked down a stairway and trotted, one ear pricked and the other lopping, along a deserted passage. Even he began to think the slant of the floor extraordinary.

He sat down and licked the spot where John had kicked him. He could feel a tender lump there. Then he humped himself and began a wrinkled-nosed search for fleas, of which Oona had given him quite a number. He scratched, and the thumping of his elbow on the floor sounded like an imperative knocking.

"Go away!" A harsh old voice came from within.

It was the voice of the old lady. Tim was galvanized by it into joyous activity. He tore at the door and it swung open.

Mrs. Mount-Dyce-Mount was revealed sunk on a seat beneath the closed porthole which showed nothing beyond but gray-green water. The luggage in the cabin had slid to one side. The toilet articles were on the floor.

Tim saw nothing of this. He saw only his dear old lady, and he leaped into her lap and began ecstatically to lick her face, whimpering with joy as he did so.

"Timmie, Timmie, oh, you naughty little boy!" she murmured, and for a moment she hugged him to her. Then she said, "But you should not have done this! You should not have done this!"

But Tim thought he should. He was immensely pleased with himself. He leaped from her lap and began to investigate the cabin. He became even more worked up, for he smelled Oona in it. Yes, there was the unmistakable smell of Oona. He leaped back into his old friend's lap and informed her with hysterical barkings that Oona had been there.

"But you should not have done it," she repeated. "Poor little Tim, you should not have done it. Perhaps if you go up on deck some one will save you. Go away, now! Naughty boy! Oh, dear, I wish you would go!"

Her voice broke and she began to cry.

TIM curled up in a tight ball and began to shiver from head to tail. But almost instantly he uncurled and stood tense on the slanting floor, listening. He heard Oona and her master coming. They were creeping cautiously along the passage, which was becoming more and more difficult to negotiate.

When Oona's master opened the door he gave a start of astonishment.

"Why—why—" he stammered. "I thought this was my cabin."

"I dare say it is," returned Mrs. Mount-Dyce-Mount. "I'm just staying in it for the time being."

"But, my God—don't you know we're going down?"

"Of course I do," she returned irritably. "That's why I said for the time being."

"But you can't stay here! You'll drown! Don't you realize that? Where is your life preserver?"

"I couldn't get it on. I'm not the right shape. I just couldn't get it on. Then everybody was jostling so, I got my ankle turned, and some young people almost knocked me over, and I was frightened and I came in here. But—this dear little dog—I wish you could save him!"

Oona's master took her by the arm and lifted her to her feet.

"You must come at once!" he said sternly.

The old lady clung to his shoulder and began to cry a little. He quickly opened a drawer and took out a packet he had come back for.

"Would you mind," he asked, "sending this to the address written on it—if you have the opportunity?"

"Certainly I shall," she answered, and put the packet into her hand bag.

Tim paid no heed to these proceedings. He was occupied by Oona's sudden condescension toward him. She who had never given him so much as a glance was now delicately sniffing him all over. Her strong tail was wagging approval of him. When she thrust her muzzle under his chest she lifted him clear off his feet. She uttered a low whine of pleasure in him.

As her master half carried Mrs. Mount-Dyce-Mount along the passage, the old lady asked:

"What about your dog?"

"I don't want to be saved without her," he returned. "I'm not even sure that I want to be saved with her."

The captain and his officers had been able to quiet the hysterical passengers. The second last of the lifeboats was about to be lowered into a sun-gilded sea. A dozen hands reached out to help Mrs. Mount-Dyce-Mount.

The vessel was sinking fast. There was not a moment to spare. Oona's master picked up Tim and dropped him into the old lady's lap.

He perched on her knees, alert in every nerve.

STILL he could see John and Jean clinging together in a boat quite near, and he began to bark at them loudly, vindictively, with a kind of gulping snarl between each explosion. John called out:

"Mrs. Mount! Throw that dog out! He's mad! It's not safe for you to hold him!"

"Yes, he's quite mad!" cried Jean. "He'll bite you!"

Tiny Tim barked the louder, and Mrs. Mount-Dyce-Mount held him close.

The last lifeboat was lowered. The captain, some sailors, a stoker, and Oona and her master were in it. He had refused to leave her, and they found room for her in the boat.

A sudden squall broke, and the ship, shaken as though by a great convulsion, rolled over and sank. A driving storm of sleet and snow blurred the vision.

Tim stood—tiny, shivering, indomitable—on Mrs. Mount-Dyce-Mount's lap. With his bright eyes he strove to pierce the blurring icy flakes. His instinct was directed toward Oona and all his eager senses sought to search her out.

When a bitter wave slashed across the lap where he was braced, he lifted a paw and stood shivering on three legs.

The squall passed like the wing of a bird of prey. The face of the sun was suddenly clear and it rose on the horizon ruddy and beautiful for Christmas morning. The ship had disappeared and two of the lifeboats had been swamped. The waves were romping with the wreckage and with the bodies of those who clung to it.

Tim soon discovered John and Jean clinging together in the sea, more dead than alive. He showed his little teeth in a grin of rage at their nearness and gave out such a volley of barks as almost threw him overboard.

Then he saw Oona and his barking ceased. She was swimming round and round as though searching for something.

The S O S had been heard and another steamer was already coming to the rescue. The wind fell, the sun rose, and some one had the courage to call out, "Merry Christmas!"

John and Jean were the first to be picked up. The captain, the sailors, the stoker, all those who had been in the last lifeboat were saved—all but Oona and her master. And she might have been saved, but when they tried to reach her, she swam out of their way, her gaunt head raised, her somber eyes searching the waves.

THE END

The Private Life and JEAN

A Revealing Chronicle of Hidden Things in the Career of the Screen's Most Glamorous and Least Understood Beauty

(Reading time: 17 minutes 20 seconds.)

THE unexpected marriage of Jean Harlow and Hal Rosson, little more than a year after the suicide of Jean's second husband, Paul Bern, was a sensational mystery to the entire motion-picture world. It is but one of the mysteries of the "blonde bombshell's" career on which Miss St. Johns's story throws light. As she told last week, Jean's real name is Harlean Carpenter. Her grandfather, S. D. Harlow of Kansas City, was a rugged success, rich and imperious—but from her birth he was her idolizing slave. In childhood she had a grave illness; both she and her mother are convinced that she recovered from it only through the mother's faith in God.

At sixteen she met Chuck McGrew, heir to millions. Boy and girl fell romantically in love and, despite the "Too young!" of her family, eloped. A year and a half later they separated. Meanwhile Jean, bored with their idleness and endowed with her grandfather's vitality, had begun appearing in pictures as an extra and setting her heart upon a great screen career.

PART TWO—THE PRICE OF FAME

JEAN HARLOW had sex appeal.

She had it in twenty-four-sheet letters. It was so hot it soon lit the electric signs above theaters with her name. It was the plus that made her a movie star.

When the disillusioned bride of seventeen began to find occupation in the studios, she wasn't any more beautiful than a hundred other girls in Hollywood. Nobody knew whether she could act or not, and nobody cared. Nobody knew or cared whether she came out of the Social Register or the five-and-ten-cent store.

She had that mysterious quality immortalized by Elinor Glyn as It.

There are other things which rate very high in the Hollywood market, of course—great acting, and lovable personality, and being funny.

But sex appeal maintains a high level year in and year out and is still selling at pre-crash prices. Strange as it may seem, at seventeen Jean Harlow didn't know anything about sex appeal. Her whole life had been sheltered, guarded, and protected, and she had literally married the first boy with whom she ever went out. Her only experience of love had been a highly romantic girl-and-boy elopement with a chap little older and wiser than herself.

Even after she was married at sixteen, all her home folks still called her "the baby."

And her whole character and thought had been deeply influenced by that strong faith which had brought her back from death's door when she was a child.

Yet from the beginning her screen career was founded upon seductiveness, upon sensuous appeal, upon the startling exposure of her beautiful young body and her ability to simulate and arouse passion.

(It is my private opinion that Jean Harlow doesn't yet know the meaning of passion and that her acting is a product of the same art which brings the best books about the South Seas from people who've never been there.)

The platinum hair became a symbol. Every writer, director, and producer who came near her instantly capitalized Jean Harlow's sex appeal.

One afternoon shortly after she married Paul Bern, Jean and Anita Loos and I were sitting in the lovely drawing-room of that home in Benedict Cañon which he had given her as a wedding gift. It was a gay and cheer-

That sex appeal of hers—as it operated in Red-Headed Woman, in a scene with Chester Morris.

M. G. M. photo

Loves of HARLOW

ful room and no cloud of impending disaster hung over us. Anita, who had done the script of Red-Headed Woman, was there to talk over a new story.

Jean was curled up amid the cushions of the window seat, wearing no make-up and looking as contented as a kitten. There was no strain in her manner, no shadow in her bright eyes. As I look back now, it seems incredible that already she had gone through the tragic first nights of her marriage, that already she knew Paul Bern could never be her husband except in name, that already she had renounced any hope of motherhood.

Suddenly she sat up and started whacking a pillow.

"Nita," she said, "you can write comedy like nobody else in the world. For the love of Mike, give me plenty of comedy in this new one. I can play comedy. I'm sick of slithering around the screen without any clothes on. I've got an idea I could *act* if they'd only let me. Maybe I've got something above the neck, too—how do you know?"

We laughed because she was so earnest. But later Anita said to me, "She means it. She's a smart kid. You know that, don't you? I've a notion she's going to be one of the screen's greatest actresses. I feel sort of sorry for her. She's one of those people whose insides are different from their outsides. Like Queen Elizabeth and Emma Hamilton. They always spell trouble for themselves and everybody else."

ANITA, who wrote Gentlemen Prefer Blondes, has a habit of saying illuminating things like that, in a funny apologetic way.

"Emma Hamilton looked like a Grecian goddess of purity, didn't she?" she continued. "Well, she was really a vulgarian and a show-off, and it made plenty of trouble for England's greatest hero, Lord Nelson. And Queen Elizabeth looked like an old maid and--well, you know about her."

Jean Harlow suggests all the naughty heroines of Boccaccio and all the Follies girls of our generation laid end to end. Nevertheless, inside she is a different person. That's what's made all the trouble.

At seventeen, eighteen, she had one thing to offer the shrewd and calculating producers—professionally, not personally. She had sex appeal. Burning with ambition, greedy for life at its fullest, she sold that to the great god Movie Camera in return for a great career.

That sounds very bald. Of course Jean had no idea of her bargain. To her, at first, it was simply a lot of fun, a rather daring escapade. Then it became the pathway to her goal of stardom.

No man laid a hand upon her. But she took the whole world, quite impersonally, as her lover.

Not for a moment did she see ahead and realize that she would involve her private life in a morass of sex. She was only a kid and woefully ignorant of the world.

Jean had no particular fetish of modesty. Girls of that era didn't have, as you remember. Jean never wore less than the nicest girls paraded upon the sands of Palm Beach. It was some time before she realized that the way she didn't wear many clothes was different from the way other girls didn't.

When she began in the summer of 1928 to play in Hal Roach comedies for twelve dollars a day, the director told her to put on a sheer black teddy.

My goodness, she hadn't quite expected that! Still, an actress wore what she was told to wear. Nobody

In 1928, in the teddy she wore in a Hal Roach film, as directed. When Jean's grandfather saw that on the screen—!

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

would know her, anyway. She wasn't using her own name; she had taken her mother's maiden name of Jean Harlow. It was all just a lark. Nothing wrong in it.

But somebody did recognize her. Oh, yes indeed!

One hot summer night Mr. S. D. Harlow of Kansas City strolled into a neighborhood picture house to pass an idle hour. He was lonesome since his idolized granddaughter had gone to California. She had used to take him to the movies often to see her favorites, and he had become something of a fan himself.

There was a Hal Roach comedy, and he thought it was pretty funny. His big hearty laugh rang out. That was a cute girl, the little blonde. But girls ought to wear more clothes, even on the screen. Suddenly the laugh was choked. The old man's eyes bulged in amazement. That slim young thing up there in the black chiffon teddy for every one to see was his granddaughter, Harlean Carpenter!

BLONDES
RED-HEADS

With Anita Loos, Red-Headed Woman's adapter.

A few moments later a startled telephone operator in Kansas City was listening to a voice that sounded like a top sergeant in a rage, which demanded immediately a number in Beverly Hills, California.

Jean answered the telephone. Her darling grandfather was calling her. She said, "Hello, darling—" and then she didn't say anything for some time.

Grandfather Harlow was no man to mince words.

"You've disgraced your family, you've disgraced our name, you've dragged us all in the dirt!" he roared at her. "How dared you do such a thing without consulting me? Have you all gone crazy out there?"

If she ever again appeared before a motion-picture camera he would disinherit her!

"You'll never get one penny of mine if you flaunt yourself on the screen!"

But he had forgotten that she was his own granddaughter. It was the first time in all her life that he had ever spoken harshly to her—"But he hit a pretty good average in those five minutes," she once told me, with a twinkle—and she flared back at him.

"All right!" she said. "Go ahead and disinherit me. I'm not ashamed of anything I've done. I don't give a damn about your old money."

But when he said, "Harlean, my child, you will break my heart. I can't stand it!"—she said, "All right, darling. Don't worry. I promise I'll never do it again."

The next morning she went to Hal Roach. "I can't go on with it," she said. "You'll have to tear up the darn' old contract—and I thought it was going to be such fun."

He tore up the contract. It wasn't very important. Jean Harlow wasn't anybody in particular in those days.

SO, almost before it had begun, Jean Harlow's motion-picture career ended, and she believed it had ended for all time. She didn't realize how deeply ambition had been implanted in her soul.

But Jean Harlow was born to be a movie star. She is one of those women like Bernhardt and Isadora Duncan, like Gloria Swanson and Mae West—you can't imagine them anywhere but in theater. They were created for the world of show. They are twenty-four-sheet women.

A few months later she and Chuck McGrew parted. They did not part "the best of friends." Far from it. They parted as most young people do who have been terribly in love—with torn hearts, wounded feelings, and real unhappiness.

The year and a half of their marriage had been one long series of heartbreaking quarrels and wonderful reconciliations, with the reconciliations growing fewer and farther between. It had been a year of misunderstandings, of kisses and broken furniture, of divine moments and dreadful ones.

So they separated on June 11, 1929, and until Jean finally won a divorce decree in January, 1931, they spent a lot of time sticking their tongues out at each other across back fences. There were complaints, cross-complaints, defaults, defaults set aside, injunctions, flying about all over the place, and finding plenty of space in the newspapers.

Jean finally got a property settlement of the trust fund, $375 a month alimony, the house in Beverly Hills, the car, *and* a divorce. Then they arranged everything out of court and she gave most of it back to him.

"Jean Harlow has more principle than any one I've ever known," Paul Bern once told me, long before there was anything between them except friendship. "She's a very remarkable person. If she believes in anything, she'll never give up. But she's generous to a fault if you appeal to her through her heart."

Jean Harlow put it more simply when she once said to me, "I like doing things for people, but I can't bear to be—put upon, as my grandfather used to say." And she grinned sheepishly, like a bad little boy.

At any rate, on January 30, 1931, she obtained her interlocutory decree, which didn't become final until the following year.

BUT in the midst of all this uproar important events had been taking place. It was in the fall of 1928 that her grandfather closed the gates of the motion-picture world in her face. "Well," said Jean, "that is that." And she tried to be very resigned about it. Surely she could be satisfied without that. Anything she desired was to be hers, so long as she stayed out of motion pictures.

True, her marriage had been a failure and, at the moment, she felt convinced that she wanted nothing more to do with matrimony. But, her family assured her, it was all because she had been too young to marry. Time would change everything. The right man would appear sooner or later and everything would be wonderful. Let there be no more thought of this silly motion-picture career. Why couldn't she be happy as she was?

At first she thought that she could be. But as the months slipped by she realized with a growing definiteness that she wasn't. Her restlessness grew into torment. This was the age of woman's freedom and woman's success. Here she was in Hollywood, and she might as well have been in jail.

As for men—ah, she knew about men. She'd been married. She didn't want any more of *that*. Men were a nuisance and she deliberately shut her door on any that dared to approach her.

The truth was, of course, that the very thing that has made her successful was running hot in her veins. She was possessed of a superabundant vitality and a strong yearning for something worth-while to do.

After one year, when a chance to play in a picture with Clara Bow called Saturday Night Kid came along, she rebelled. This time it was Jean who telephoned her grandfather. He took the next train to California.

It was a bitter struggle, but she won him over at last. Perhaps, seeing her now, he understood that the same things that had made him a success were seething within this girl child.

He wouldn't disinherit her. They would still be pals as they had always been. He made only one condition.

"If you do this," he said, "you're on your own. No more allowance from me. The only way that you will grow hard enough

(Continued on page twenty-four)

"NEW TIMES *mean* Better Times

—to us it means a better radio!"

Keep that promise to yourself of a newer and finer RCA Victor Radio

HOW long have you been waiting—almost longing—for that new radio? One, two, three years? Don't linger any longer...give yourself the pleasant thrill of an up-to-date radio right now.

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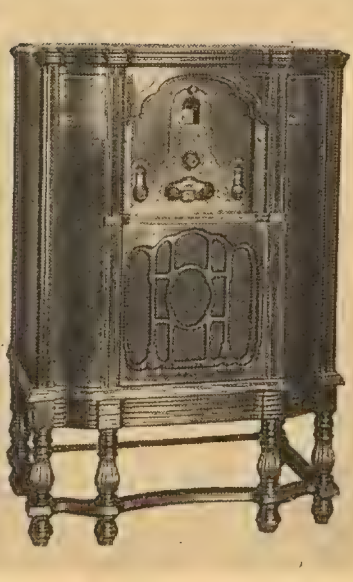
Yet the true test of an RCA Victor radio is how it sounds to *you.* So the Victor dealer near you invites you to hear any—or all—of these new models. You'll be convinced that here's the radio you want. Yes, new times mean better times—and a better radio. And *better,* applied to radio, means only RCA Victor!

RCA Victor Company, Inc., Camden, New Jersey, "Radio Headquarters."



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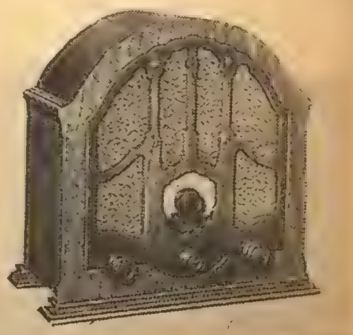

HIT OF THE YEAR!

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RCA VICTOR

RADIO • PHONOGRAPH COMBINATIONS • VICTOR RECORDS

(Continued from page twenty-two)

to succeed is to be driven by necessity.”

The turning point in Jean's life came when she played the girl in Hell's Angels. It was inevitable that her opportunity should come in just that type of rôle. She still had the sex appeal; she still had the platinum hair. Ben Lyon introduced her to Howard Hughes, the young millionaire from Texas who was spending a fortune to remake the great air classic as a talkie. Hughes took one look and realized what could be done with her.

Whereupon Jean Harlow became famous overnight for what some people called the frankest and other indignantly called the most indecent love scene ever screened.

M. G. M. photo

With Paul Bern, later the honeymoon suicide.

Still she didn't think of it as anything personal; still she never dreamed it might affect her as a girl; considered it only as acting.

She was mistaken, and it wasn't long before she knew it.

Up to the very moment when Hell's Angels was released, Jean Harlow was unknown to the motion-picture industry. The night after that famous picture's première we went to a party Howard Hughes was giving at the fashionable Embassy Club. Every one was there. And every one was talking about Jean Harlow.

“Who is she? Where'd she come from? Is she a hot number?”

Everybody agreed that she was probably the hottest number anybody had ever seen.

An alleged wit said, “Change one letter in her last name and looks like you've got the right moniker for *her*,” and everybody roared.

“She's a bad, bad girl, but I expect she's good company.”

“I'd sure like to meet her.” And so on.

Ben Lyon said, “She isn't a bit like that. She's a square shooter and a regular kid.”

But nobody paid any attention to him.

Little Jean Harlow in one night was famous—and infamous. Women turned pale at the sound of her name. Virtuous wives and watchful sweethearts consolidated against her. Men smirked when she was mentioned.

Society girl? Oh, sure! They'd heard that one before.

Jean Harlow, to her amazement and horror, found that she was supposed to be the bad girl she had played.

Except for the McGrew difficulties, there was absolutely no faintest shadow upon Jean's reputation. Her name had never been coupled with any man's. No breath of scandal had ever touched her.

YET she soon found that men presumed upon the things they had seen her do on the silver sheet. Every man she met responded to her now famous sex appeal. Gentlemen preferred platinum blondes—and there was only one Jean Harlow.

She went on a personal-appearance tour with her mother and stepfather—and found the same thing true everywhere. Jean Harlow? Oh, boy! Could we go for her! And they did, and were highly incensed when she stood upon her dignity, when they found her most properly chaperoned.

Jean was no angel. Once or twice she met men who interested her. But soon the whole thing became a nightmare.

Sex engulfed her. The thing which she had regarded as part of her equipment as an actress was a boomerang that struck at her as a girl. Passion stared at her from strange eyes, from all the masculine eyes that looked at her. She was both frightened and sickened by it.

In the midst of all this was one man who understood, one man who saw with different eyes.

That man was Paul Bern, the man who had stood by every woman who was ever in trouble in Hollywood.

He was an intimate friend of Ben Lyon, and it was through Ben that he first met Jean Harlow and understood something of her problem. And because he was in truth a very wise man, close to the beat of the human heart, he saw through the scarlet haze of her reputation.

It must have been a strange courtship. For the one thing Jean did not want was love—love as she had seen it since Hell's Angels, and perhaps as she remembered it from her brief marriage.

She was afraid of love.

Paul Bern understood that.

After he was dead by his own hand, when Jean and I talked of it for the first time, she said over and over, “You see, we were such friends—we were such *friends*.”

Nothing seemed to tear her heart as did the memory of that friendship.

For they *were* friends. I know very well one young man, a brilliant writer and a sensitive, observing person, who was close to them during those years before they married. He has told me often that he had never seen two people who seemed so closely united in a remarkable friendship.

THEN, too, Jean was absorbed in her career. And Paul Bern was the first person who believed in her future as she did. It was Paul who really got her the chance to play Red-Headed Woman, and who introduced her to M. G. M.'s ace cameraman, Hal Rosson.

Together Paul and Jean saw for themselves a great future in motion pictures.

In time their friendship ripened into love.

Here, to Jean, was a man who loved her for herself and not for her headlined sex appeal. Here was a man who in all the months of their friendship had never made a play for her.

It is one of life's saddest ironies—the fact that though Paul Bern undoubtedly appreciated the real Jean Harlow, there was another, an unbelievable reason why he did not make love to her then.

But Paul was madly in love with the real Jean Harlow, the girl he alone knew. And Jean had found in him the protection and companionship for which she longed.

On July 2, 1932, in the presence of a few close friends, they were married in the home of her mother.

All her life, ever since her remarkable healing from a terrible illness as a child, Jean had possessed a strange psychic power. Her mother has told me that often Jean would be prepared for events long before they happened. She would prepare for a trip before any one knew she was going anywhere; she would make plans for certain events—and they would come to pass. She seemed to see into the future.

“Only one crisis has happened in my life that I did not expect or foresee in any way,” Jean once told a close friend. “Paul's death was the tragic exception to this clairvoyance of mine. For the first time in my life I was caught without any warning. Not for one moment did I feel any consciousness of impending tragedy. You can call this *seeing* of mine anything you like—a sixth sense, a hunch—but I've always had it. But it failed me in that crisis. It came like a stroke of lightning from a clear sky.”

No, she did not see into the future as she stood in her soft white satin gown and said the beautiful and sacred words of the marriage service.

There was a radiant smile upon her face as she turned to kiss her husband. No shadow fell upon it.

Yet two months later he was dead in their own home and by his own hand.

The Private Life and Loves of Jean Harlow will be concluded in Liberty next week.

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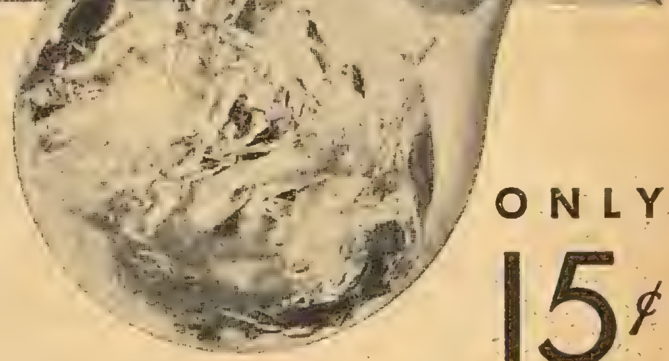
indoors or at night



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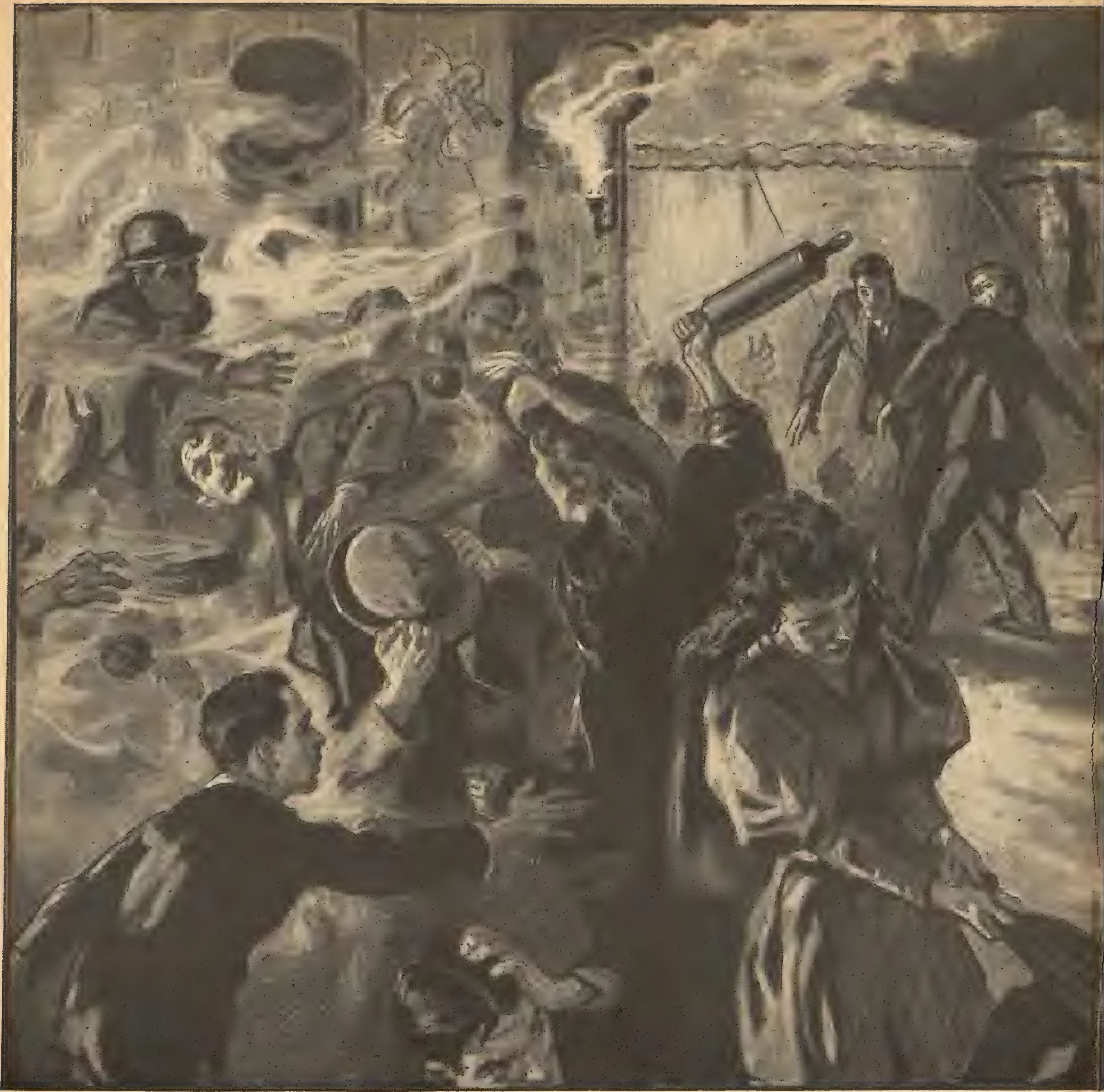
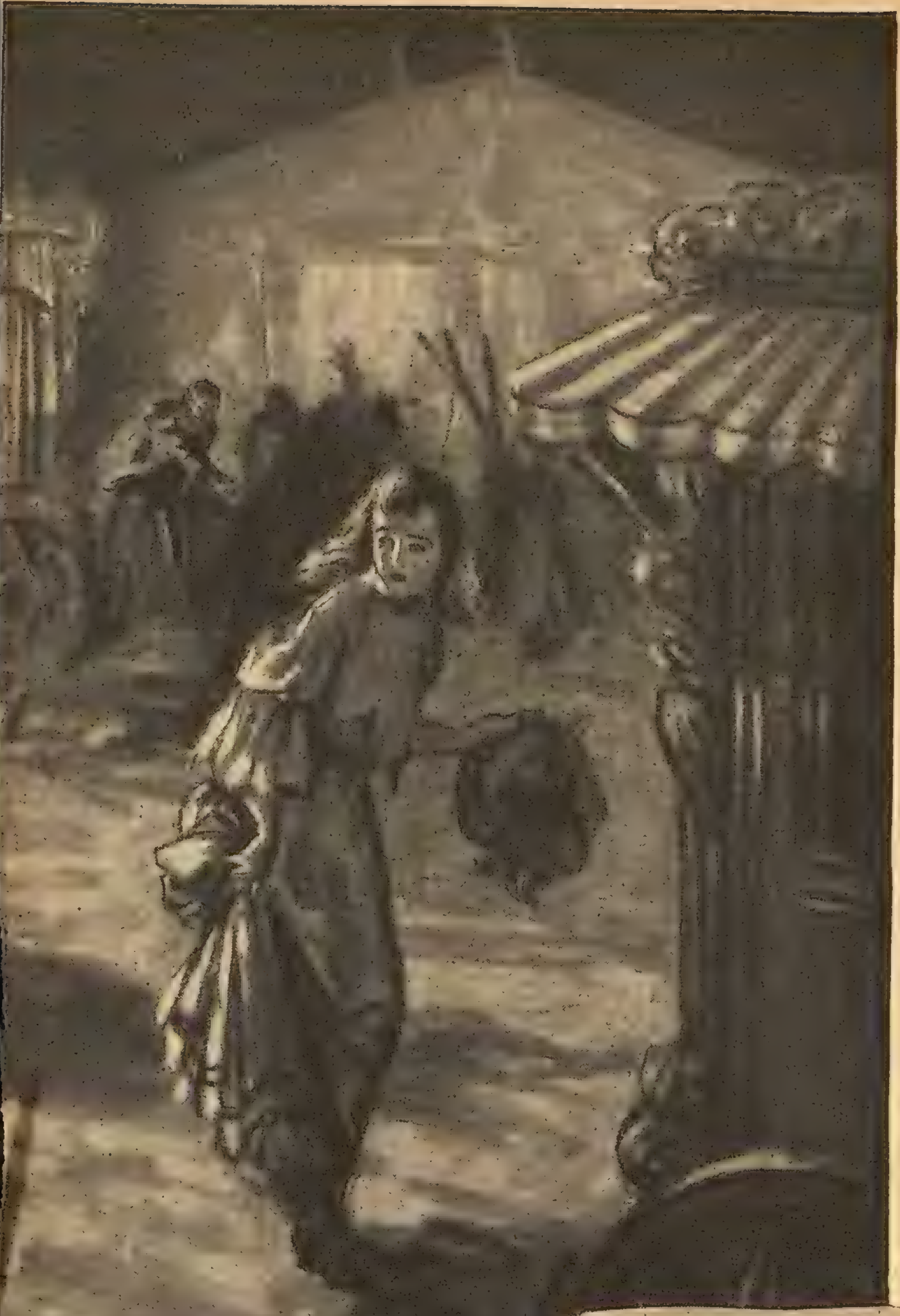


Her Excellency The Governor

(Reading time: 25 minutes 18 seconds.)

OH! So you're a reporter, are you? Well, well, that's quite different. Come right in, young man. And please excuse me for being rude at first. You see, I thought perhaps you were selling brushes or putting yourself through college on a magazine. May I ask your name? Well, Mr. Jack Cape, you are welcome! The Freefield Star is a fine paper and I don't know of any other to which I'd be as willing to tell the story. My father, the Reverend Mr. Serles, used to write letters to



Immediately the crowd rushed in. It was terrible! I found the rolling-pin descending upon various heads.

The Poignant Story of a Love that Would Not Die

By

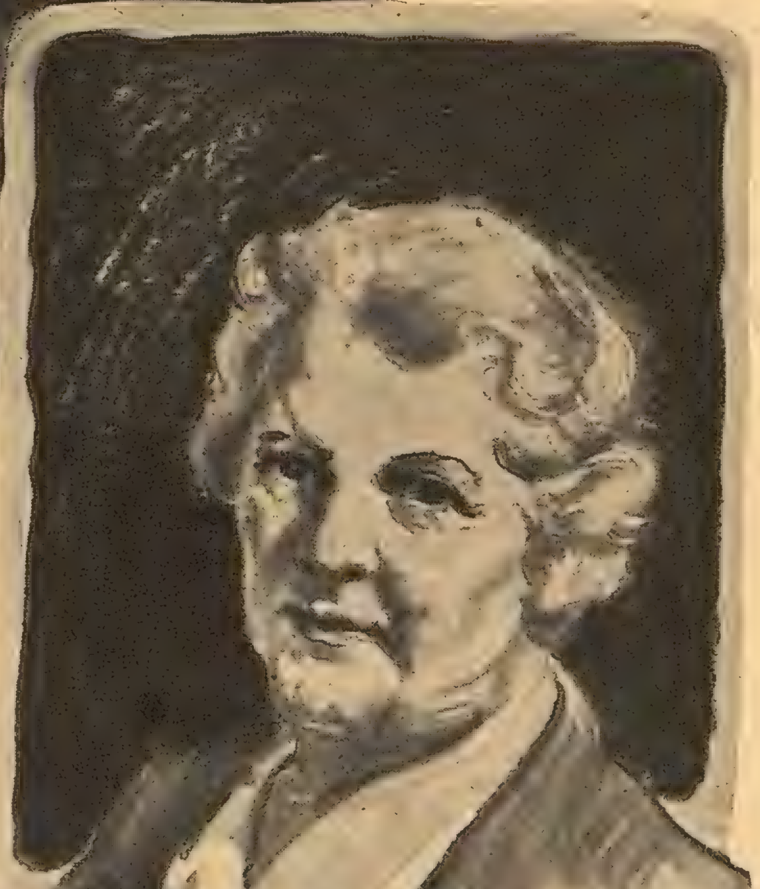
NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY T. FISK

the Star when he first took over the church in this village in the spring of '78. Have a seat, Mr. Cape. Certainly, go ahead and smoke if you like. I may be an old woman but I'm not old-fashioned—how could I be, with a woman governor in the family!

Of course it's the governor you want to know about, and you don't have to urge me, young man, because, with all these dreadful rumors about investigations and impeachments and what not, it's high time somebody talked. Oh, I know Judith probably sent me up here thinking no reporter in the world would ever find me, and that if one did I wouldn't let him in. But I've been thinking things over carefully and I'd come to a point where, if you hadn't shown up today, I might even have gone so far as to send for you.

I'm her aunt. Yes, Miss Mary Stonewall is correct. And I've lived with Judith all her life. Well, to be exact, since she was ten years old and fell in love. She was ten when she first met Tim Marshall.



It happened shortly after my brother died and I'd gone to be with his widow and her little girl—that's Judith. Of course you know who Judith's mother was? What! Didn't you know that Judith's mother was Charlotte B. Stonewall, the famous suffragist? Why, Mr. Cape, I'm astonished! Charlotte Stonewall and Susan B. Anthony used to speak from the same platform many and many a time.

One of my chief reasons for closing up the house and going to live with her was that I felt it my duty to protect Judith as much as possible from the results of her mother's behavior. After all, she was my only brother's only child, and Charlotte was away from home far too much of the time, talking woman's rights, and never making any social background for her daughter.

Well, one night Charlotte and two other bold women were holding a woman's-rights meeting at the carnival grounds. I was, of course, very deeply concerned at Charlotte's determination to speak in such a place, as none of Freefield's better element ever attended the carnivals and it was a foregone conclusion that her audience would consist largely of roughs. But Charlotte merely remarked that the roughs had votes, even if she hadn't, and not only went through with the plan but insisted upon taking Judith with her.

Mr. Cape, there was a real physical danger connected with such affairs, don't you ever think there wasn't! So, much as I disliked to do it, I slipped a rolling-pin into the sleeve of my dolman and went along.

Such a dreadful noisy vulgar place as that carnival was, Mr. Cape! Our platform was right smack in the midst of it, and lighted with flaring gasoline torches, quite like a Christian martyrdom or a Roman orgy. It fell to my lot to help the ladies pass out pamphlets and, really and truly, I could scarcely do it, I was so keenly aware of the fact that we were unescorted. Then, when my papers were all gone, I sat breathlessly on a camp stool and looked about for Judith.

For one awful moment I thought she was lost. And then, just as her mother began addressing the crowd in that deep ringing voice of hers, I discovered that Judith had acquired a little playmate—a boy of about fourteen and quite the handsomest male child I had ever laid eyes upon.

He was seated at the door of a gilt-and-scarlet wagon which purported to be the Home of Marshall's Elixir, the World's Best Spring Tonic, Good for Man and Beast, and he was engaged in fascinating Judith with a series of tricks in which he used a jackknife with remarkable skill; but his resemblance to the tawdry woman who stood behind him was damning evidence of his origin.

FOR WOMEN
WOMEN'S RIGHTS
VOTES FOR WOMEN
VOTES FOR WOMEN

I afterward learned, Mr. Cape, that this woman, La Esmeralda, was his mother, and you will pardon my indelicacy if I mention that she was not legally married to his father, the so-called Dr. Marshall.

A very few seconds after I discovered the two children playing together, events piled up, beginning with a well aimed carrot which struck my sister-in-law full in the mouth.

"Go home and mind the baby!" some one yelled.

"Cowards!" she shouted back. "Have you no sense of fair play? Are not your wives and mothers good enough to have a voice in your government? Think of the women who have proven as great patriots as any man. How about Martha Washington? Betsy Ross? What of Florence Nightingale?"

"GIVE her the bird, Eddie!" yelled a man. "Here's your nightingale, you big cow!"

And some one flung a dead hen, which hit one of the blazing torches, Mr. Cape, knocking it over and setting the platform on fire. Immediately the crowd rushed in. Oh, it was terrible beyond words! The tent behind us caught fire and the entire carnival turned into a madhouse. Somehow or other, I found myself with the rolling-pin in my hand descending automatically upon various heads. Charlotte was using an umbrella valiantly but vainly, when all of a sudden a hand grasped my arm from behind and a shrill treble voice called in my ear:

"This way, lady! In through here, please, lady!"

I looked around and there was the patent-medicine boy jerking at my sleeve.

"Come quick!" he gasped. "I know the way out!"

Feeling a curious instinctive trust in the youth, I grabbed Charlotte by the shoulder, and in another instant we were all three inside the medicine wagon, the boy slamming the heavy door behind us and bolting it fast. In the narrow aisle of the interior Judith was dancing up and down with excitement.

"Good for Timmie!" she shouted. "Timmie did it!"

"This way," said the boy, seizing her hand and dragging her along toward the far end of the coach. We all emerged at the driving seat, clambered down the steps, and followed our young rescuer across a bit of field to a gap in the high board fence surrounding the fair grounds.

"Thank you, boy!" Charlotte boomed at him. "You have been very kind. Why did you do it?"

"I did it for Judith," he said with a shy grin. "She's my girl now."

And then, before any of us knew what was happening, Judith had flung her arms around his neck and kissed him.

"Yes," said Judith, "I'm his girl for always!"

And oh, Mr. Cape, the memory does upset me, because, you see, those two children had something between them, even then, which we all hope for and which so seldom comes to any of us complete and perfect. You'll have to take my word for it that they loved each other from that night on. They were too young, of course, to realize what it meant, but everything that has happened since proves it.

WELL, to get on with the governor's story. Charlotte had Judith trained in shorthand and the use of a typewriter, and by the time she was sixteen she was acting as secretary to the local suffrage organization. Yes, the ladies had actually been able to form one by then.

Judith dressed very prettily, and to see her casually you would never suspect how appallingly intelligent she was. Something kept her soft and feminine always—and that something was Tim Marshall.

Ever since that first night he'd kept in touch with her. He sent her a fancy post card at Christmas, and once a year, when the carnival came to town, he'd make a bee line for our house, and nothing could stop her from seeing him. They wrote to each other when he was away, despite the fact that her mother and I both protested against the proceeding. For, you see, while Tim grew up even handsomer than he'd given promise of doing, he wasn't a good boy. He drank, and anybody could perceive the weakness and instability he'd inherited from those worthless parents of his. Yet there was a wistful quality about him too, as if he'd like to be decent, only it was too much trouble.

Charlotte handled him very well indeed while she lived, because Tim was afraid of Charlotte. But the winter she died Tim Marshall left the carnival, took a job with the owner of the Opera House, and announced that he was going to marry Judith. They had no money to speak of, for Charlotte had given all hers away to the Cause, and Judith, to the horror of the town, was actually working in a man's office, Judge Wells's, to be exact, as stenographer and clerk. He paid her twelve dollars a week—the highest salary a girl typist had ever received in Freefield. Tim was getting ten dollars a week for running the box office at the Opera House, and these two mad young people actually proposed that Judith should keep on working after the wedding. I sat up nearly all night trying to argue Judith out of it, for even then I smelled disaster. But she would have her own way.

"Aunt Mary," she said, "I know every single blessed thing that you can say against Tim. I know he's weak. I know he's done things—even had other girls, common girls, while he's been going around with me. But he needs me. All the good in him—and there is a lot of it, Aunt Mary—is fastened up in me and his love for me, and I can't go back on him. Besides, I love him. That finishes it, I think."

(Continued on page thirty)

The RUBAIYAT OMAR KHAYYAM
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(Continued from page twenty-eight) So they were married, Mr. Cape, and Tim moved in with us, because we still had the big old brick mansion on High Street. And although I didn't approve, I must admit that I've never seen two people as happy. I'd have left them alone, but Judith wouldn't let me.

"I need you, Aunt Mary," she assured me. "I've so much work to do and the house would simply go to pieces without you. The judge is sending me up to the capital to lobby in the Reagan case, and who will look after Tim while I'm gone?"

So I stayed on and kept my mouth shut over the fact that while she was away Tim stayed out all night once or twice, and that I found a bottle hidden in his clothes closet. Judith made a great success of her trip to the capital, and Judge Wells promoted her to what was practically full charge of his office.

And then followed the years when all these modern changes came in so rapidly. Judith was soon president of the local suffrage society, and the following autumn she went to the national convention of the Woman Suffrage Party, and returned state chairman. The Opera House was changed to a picture show and Tim held his job, with an increased salary—forty dollars a week. In order to celebrate, he took a vacation and went to New York with Judith to review the first great suffrage parade on Fifth Avenue, and when they came back—my, but Tim was proud of her and the way she'd been received! He couldn't talk of anything else.

You see, Mr. Cape, Tim was never jealous of her success or begrudged the time she gave to public life, because she never neglected him, you see, and when they met, it was like a fresh lovers' meeting every time. And if she was the most successful of the two, that didn't bother him a bit, because I will say for Tim that where work was concerned he really did the very best he knew how. He just didn't have a very good best. Why, even that time during the war, when he didn't wait to be drafted, he was doing what he could, and it wasn't his fault that he got turned down on account of his health. And because she knew he gave all of what little he had, Judith went right on loving him more and more. Even up to the night he got into all that trouble down at the east end of town.

Of course, what made it worse was that Judith had become a very important figure in Freefield by then. She'd read law in the judge's office and was a full partner, and, what's more, she stood at the head of every important reform movement that was going, especially in the matter of cleaning up vice. So when Tim, who'd been on one of his drunks, got caught in a particularly nasty brawl and raid, well, it was pretty dreadful for Judith. You see what I mean, Mr. Cape—her own husband involved in the very spot she was trying to clean up!

IT was the next day that Judith got that note from Tim. You see, Mr. Cape, Tim had been released through the political courtesy of some of Judith's friends in the city administration; but instead of coming home he went away. His letter told her to forget him—that he knew he was no good, but that he just couldn't help it; that he was only hurting her and that the best kindness he could do her was to vanish out of her life. He asked her to believe that it was because he loved her that he was leaving. He would always love her, but he refused to ruin her life any longer. She must divorce him, he said, and forget all about him.

But Judith didn't forget about him and she didn't divorce him, either. You see, Judith was going to have a baby. She'd been planning to tell him that very night.

Well, young man, I expect you will forgive a sentimental old woman if she doesn't discuss that particular incident any further. No, thank you, I don't need a handkerchief. I guess I cried sufficiently at the time. So let's get on to what happened to Judith after Tim had gone, and after the baby, my little grandniece, Rosalie, was born.

We never heard another word from Tim, and now that Judith was free it just seemed as if nothing could stop her rise. Work! She was state senator almost before we knew it, and she seemed to put on a sort of bright, shining outer shell. She looked as hard and sleek as any society leader. And beautiful! Why, she didn't look within ten years of her age.

There was nothing small or petty about the sort of politics Judith played. She'd always had a sense of humor, and now that changed into a sharp wit which the men liked—the bored, tired rich men who could help her most; the men behind the scenes of politics, Mr. Cape, like the great banker, Edmond P. Volmer. It was after she met him, of course, that she became a nationally known figure in her party and was finally sent to the convention.

This Mr. Volmer was as strong as poor Tim had been weak. He was a fine-looking man too, with distinguished ways and a touch of gray at his temples which was extremely attractive. A fine gentleman, that's what he was, a widower, and ever so devoted to Judith and little Rosalie. While, as for Judith's career, he certainly did everything in his power to aid and further it.

FOR her part, Judith was rather attracted to him, for they had everything in common and their interests pulled together instead of in opposite directions, as it had been with Tim Marshall. I watched Judith very closely when she was with Mr. Volmer, and it used to thrill me to see what a fine-looking pair they made. As time went by I began to hope she'd fall in love with him, forget the past, and start out all over again with this man who was not only her equal but, as a matter of fact, just a little stronger than she! You probably don't realize it, young man, but even the strongest female is really happier with a man who dominates her. But nearly six years went by, and still the affair rested where it had stood from the beginning. And then one day Judith called me into her private office and told me that Tim was dead.

Judith had secretly continued to search for her husband, and now at last she had the first definite report from the agency to which she had paid thousands of dollars. Tim had died in a gun fight down in a small town on the Mexican border more than a year before. His body had been identified by a watch Judith had once given him, and which had been found strapped to his wrist. The inscription inside the case had resulted in the watch being kept as a record by the local police:

To Timmie
With love from Judith

She sat with it in her hand, looking at it through a haze of tears; such a fine, dignified, beautiful woman, State Senator Marshall, seated there behind the big official-looking desk.

"So he never gave it up!" she said softly. "Through all the poverty. . . . They buried him in the potter's field. . . . Aunt Mary, I cannot feel it. . . . Strange, don't you think?"

"That's because he was always something you created out of your own head," I answered her. "So, naturally, he still lives there!"

She didn't answer that, but slipped the watch into the desk drawer and rang the bell for her secretary, sliding back into her hard, brilliant shell again. It was as though she had shut the door on her past self and was determined not to open it again at any cost. Judith was never one to argue with facts, and Tim Marshall was dead.

A month later two big things had happened to her: She was nominated for governor on a platform which undertook to do away with the recent scandalous leniency of the courts toward convicted criminals, pledging her solemn word to the people that this evil condition would be wiped out; and she had become engaged to marry Edmond Volmer.

What's that, Mr. Cape? Did the papers carry any item about Tim's death? Well, you should know the answer to that better than I do; but if you didn't see any, I guess the papers didn't print it. Probably Judith's political friends, or perhaps Mr. Volmer, took care that it wasn't stressed. And I'm certain sure that Tim Marshall himself never saw it, or he never would have done what he did.

Now this part of the story is really secondhand information, Mr. Cape, but although we didn't find out the details until after everything was over, I'm going to tell them here, because I want you to get the right point of view about what led up to all our trouble.

To begin with, then, there was that watch. Tim Marshall hadn't kept it at all, but sold it for drink money to the man on whose body it was found. And Timmie, broken, sodden, had drifted back to the old carnival life, as an odd-job man. He was known as Joe Doakes, though where he got such a name I cannot imagine, and there was no one in the small, broken-down carnival who recognized him or took any interest in him.

Then one night he collapsed after a hard day's work in the pouring rain, setting up the tents of the show. The manager went to the expense of calling a doctor, who told Tim that there wasn't much chance of his ever being well again. And it was then that Tim Marshall made his big resolve. Yes, you guessed it, young man. He decided he simply must see Judith once more.

HE had a friend, a man called Red Nolan, who was disgruntled with the carnival life and decided to tramp West with Tim. They packed their few belongings on their backs and set out for Freefield, and when they arrived, went to some sort of humble lodging in the East End. The very first night he was there, Tim learned from the gossip of the other inmates that his wife was running for governor, and this fact made him doubly careful not to disclose his identity to any one. Nolan, of course, knew him only as Joe.

Well, Mr. Cape, next day Timmie found out that Judith was giving a large garden party at the new house she had built out on Cleveland Drive. The party was a political move, one of those public affairs. We had invited all the mothers in town to bring their children for an egg-roll on the lawn. Somehow or other, Tim found out that extra help would be needed in the kitchen, and, sprucing himself up, he applied to our butler, who engaged him to wash dishes.

It was a beautiful day and a beautiful party. Such a sweet sight, Mr. Cape, to see all those dear little ones playing about on the greensward, and, best of all, our little Rosalie acting as hostess to them. I must say I was enormously proud of her good manners, for which, if I do say it myself, I was responsible. Then, as the afternoon wore on and the children scattered about the grounds after the serving of refreshments, I suddenly noticed that Rosalie was missing and immediately started to hunt for her.

Coming around the corner of the clothes yard at the rear of the house, I heard her voice. Peering through the latticework which screened this corner of the grounds, I saw her talking to a dreadful-looking man, and at first I was going to call out, but something, I scarcely knew what impulse, stopped me. The man was sitting on a kitchen chair, its back tilted against

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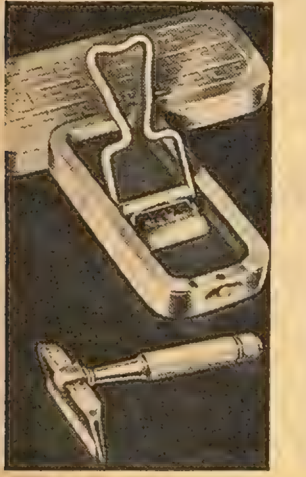

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the wall of the house, and he was absorbedly doing tricks with a jackknife for the child's entertainment. Rosalie stood there fascinated.

"Do it again!" she commanded. The man complied, and Rosalie clapped her hands.

"I want to take your picture!" she announced, and picking up the little box camera which she had received for her birthday, she made a snapshot of him.

Then she put the camera down and climbed on his knee.

"Come on," said the man in a husky voice, "tell us your name!"

"Rosalie Marshall," said the baby. "What's yours?"

The man did not answer, but took her little pink hand in his seamed and grimy paw and looked at it wonderingly. Then he tilted back her face, and Rosalie broke into a smile.

"You like me, don't you?" she demanded confidently. "I like you too, man. Why don't you live with us and do those tricks every day?"

For answer, the man crushed her suddenly to his bosom—a most unhygienic bosom, Mr. Cape, and naturally I thought it was high time to interfere, especially when Rosalie kissed him! So I called out sharply:

"Rosalie Marshall, you come here this very instant!" And she was an obedient child, Mr. Cape.

If I'd only put two and two together! But how could I? He'd changed so terribly, and the last time I'd seen the knife trick was so long ago, I'd just about forgotten it.

When Tim left our place he must have spent his day's wages on drink before he returned to the cheap lodging.

WHAT happened then was undoubtedly this:

Tim came in and discovered Nolan reading a scrapbook which was Marshall's one and only treasure. In this scrapbook were newspaper clippings about Judith.

There was the announcement of the baby's birth, of Judith's activities in all sorts of lines, of her personal life, and of her business and political career.

"What the hell are you doing with that?" Tim demanded, snatching the book from Red's hand.

"What the hell are *you* doing with it?" retorted the other. "Who is this dame to you, anyways?"

Tim must have been drunk, Mr. Cape, because he said, "She's my wife!"

Those, I assure you, were the exact words used between the two, as we learned when we were finally able to locate as witnesses some of the other tramps who overheard snatches of the quarrel—though, unfortunately, not until it was too late.

It seems that as soon as Red Nolan heard this amazing fact he suggested that he and Tim blackmail Judith, and it was then that Tim went for him. I'm absolutely convinced that Tim never meant to kill Red Nolan; but he did, as you know, Mr. Cape. And then, before the police arrived, he burned the scrapbook in the little wood stove which heated the place. Yes, several men saw him burn it calmly and deliberately, and there must have been something in his manner which held them back, for no one seems to have tried to prevent his doing it.

You remember, of course, how he refused to speak, or to identify himself at his trial? It was, I believe, one of the simplest, swiftest murder trials ever held in Freefield County. If I recall the matter correctly, it was not over three hours before the verdict was brought in, and Tim Marshall was condemned to death.

Meanwhile Judith's campaign came to a close, and you will recall that she was elected by an overwhelming majority—the youngest governor ever to hold office in these United States! And the governor's first official act was the signing of her own husband's death warrant.

ALTHOUGH the name was strange to her, and the affixing of her signature merely a matter of routine duty, Judith was deeply stirred by what she had done. That night she seized me by the shoulders and looked into my eyes in a way that really frightened me.

"Do you think it's all right, Aunt Mary?" she asked with dry lips. "It had to be done, didn't it? The man was guilty, and it was my plain duty. But to begin my administration with such an act, I feel—no, no, I mustn't feel it's an omen, must I?"

I comforted her as best I could, and during the next few days things came back to normal. Judith was conducting herself magnificently, and when it came to the regular business of administration, she took a firm hold which drew praise even from enemy newspapers.

One afternoon, at my suggestion, little Rosalie was showing her mother the snapshots she had taken with her birthday camera. Judith had her arm around the child, I remember, when she came upon the photograph of Tim.

She stood up abruptly, almost knocking baby over, a wave of incredulity sweeping her face, followed by a flash of joy that was like light.

"Where did you get this?" she asked. "Where, where?"

My knees began to tremble, Mr. Cape, because I knew something terrible was happening—and then all of a sudden I remembered where I'd seen that peculiar knife trick before.

That night I was present in the private sitting room when Judith told Mr. Volmer. Judith insisted upon my evidence about the jackknife trick.

"There is no doubt in my mind," Judith told him earnestly, "and it ought to be easy enough to trace him. Why, after all, it was only a few short weeks ago! I'm asking you to help me, Edmond, because I don't want to make this an official investigation. You will help me, won't you, and not lose any time?"

I felt terribly sorry for Mr. Volmer, I assure you. He was so fine and so intelligent that he must have read his doom in her bright, eager eyes. But he loved her well enough to do as she asked, and it was only a few days later that I met him in the corridor outside her private suite.

From the moment he took hold of my arm I knew he had found out something, and I asked him with an anxious glance.

"Yes!" he replied to my unspoken question. "You'd better come with me. She may need you, for, as God is my witness, I don't know what to do!"

Judith, during the past few days, had become a changed woman. She walked the floor like a caged animal, and no sooner were we in the room, with the door safely shut, than she began abusing Volmer for his inefficiency in not finding out anything, threatening to go to her Department of Justice for aid.

"Judith, for God's sake, don't do that!" Volmer snapped at her desperately.

"Then you do know something!" she cried suspiciously. "You're keeping it from me. I should have realized you'd trick me rather than get him back!"

Then he told her. Oh, dear Heaven, I hope I never see such a look on a woman's face again! She just sat there like a stone image while poor Volmer blundered on as best he could, saying broken things about Tim's unquestioned guilt, his dreadful condition, the impossibility of his getting any good out of life. Her hand, which I held, was cold as ice. Suddenly it went limp in my grasp and I saw that she had fainted.

Don't look so upset, Mr. Cape. Pull yourself together and attend to me, because there is something more to the story. It's the hardest part to tell, too, but it means a lot.

We saw him, Mr. Cape! Yes, I mean Timothy Marshall. Oh, that's who it was, beyond any doubt. Judith and I went there to—to that dreadful place—at night, and the warden had him brought to his private office. Judith asked to talk with Timothy alone, and when the warden said it might be dangerous, she only smiled. So the warden went out and I walked away to the farthest corner of the room. But I couldn't help hearing, of course. Mr. Cape—you are honest-minded, I'm sure. So believe that I am telling you the truth—the real, unvarnished truth. Timothy would not help her, or touch her, in spite of all her pleading. She begged him to speak so that she could arrange for a new trial. But Timothy Marshall pretended he did not know her, that he'd never seen her before! He just stood there with his head cast down, muttering.

"There must be some mistake," he said over and over; "there must be some mistake!"

Oh, it was dreadful! And in the end they took him away again, leaving her helpless and despairing.

Of course you know how the press clamored about Governor Marshall's signing of that full pardon. They said it was a scandal, a disgrace to the new administration, that without justification of any kind she had somehow persuaded the Board of Pardons to let her free a man who had been flagrantly guilty. Even the fact that the pardoned man died of natural causes a few days after receiving his freedom could not stop Judith's political enemies from demanding her impeachment.

Which, young man, is the real story behind the governor's resignation. Your paper has always been fair. Did I tell you I have some copies in the attic containing letters my father wrote to it in 1878? Well, that shows the faith we have in the Star. So you'll be fair with us in our trouble, won't you? Even though Judith is going to marry Edmond Volmer and retire once and for all into private life!

My goodness, I didn't expect I'd ever tell all this, but, as I always say, the truth never really hurt any one!

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—Who is said to have first used ether as an anæsthetic?

2—What is a hendecagon?

3—Which pugilist was known as the Benecia Boy?

4—What is the meaning of the word facsimile?

5—Who wrote The Virginian?

6—What was a dinosaur?

7—The term *status quo* means what?

8—Which king of England was known as Farmer George?

9—What is jute?

10—Who was the little man who climbed a tree to see Jesus?

11—What is a kraal?

12—A scalpel is what?

13—Miss Betsy Trotwood is a character in what book?

14—Who wrote Show Boat?

15—Which of the Southern states was the first to secede at the time of the Civil War?

16—What is a barnacle?

17—Which metal is liquid at ordinary temperatures?

18—A recidivist is what?

19—Which is the largest library in the world?

20—What was the full name of the President of the United States who held office during the World War?

(Answers will be found on page 47)

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1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will award $400 in cash prizes for the best home life snapshots submitted by nonprofessional photographers.
2. Any one, anywhere, may enter except professional photographers, employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
3. There is no restriction regarding size of prints. Enlargements are eligible, but in case of enlargements the prints from which such enlargements are made must be attached.
4. Photographs need not be taken specifically for this contest, but they must be taken on or after November 8, 1933, and in every case must be the work of the person who submits them. By entering any contest in this series you agree that you will upon request submit to Liberty the negative from which your print was made. Such negatives will be returned if desired.
5. Submit as many prints as you wish. Write plainly or print name and full address on the back of each. No prints will be returned. Prize-winning prints become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for reproduction wherever desired.
6. The first weekly contest closes Monday, December 4, and succeeding contests will close each following Monday, including February 5, 1934, which ends the contest series.
7. Quality of photography does not count, except that any snapshot in order to be awarded a prize must be of sufficient clearness to reproduce satisfactorily for publication. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of human interest only. Judging on that basis, each week of this contest series the person submitting the best snapshot will receive the first prize of $100, etc., as per the cash prize schedule elsewhere on this page.
8. Address all entries to HOME LIFE SNAPSHOTS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

$1,000 GRAND PRIZE RULES

1. Regardless of whether or not it has won a weekly prize, every entry in the contest series will be eligible for one of the five $200 Grand Prizes to be awarded when the contest series closes.
2. These Grand Prizes will be awarded for the following divisions: Group A, best baby snapshot. Group B, best family group. Group C, best home interior. Group D, best pet picture. Group E, the snapshot that most nearly tells a complete story.
3. The conditions set forth in Rules 3, 4, 5, and 7 above apply to this Grand Prize offer.

What Does Your Husband's Secretary Think of You?

A private secretary of rare discernment tells the secret of how thousands of men are unknowingly ruined by their wives. What sort of wife are you?

THE office wife has ruined many homes. But beside her legitimate sister, the boss' wife, she is an amateur.

For every home broken up by a scheming secretary or stenographer, a hundred husbands are ruined by the very women who should be doing the most to help them—their own wives.

And the pity is that for the most part, these women are totally unconscious of the harm they are doing. They love their husbands, want them to succeed, would not hurt them intentionally for all the world—yet steadily the march goes on. Each year sees its thousands of men sink needlessly into oblivion.

Is Your Husband a Success?

Has he gone steadily ahead, allowing reasonably for the late depression? Is he still forging toward the goal he set for himself when you first were married? If not, you may be partially to blame. Certainly it will be well worth your while to learn the truth.

You will find the answer in PHYSICAL CULTURE for January. In an absorbing story entitled "What I Think of My Boss' Wife" a private secretary of great discernment and human understanding tells her observations through the years. She has worked with and for some great successes and some tragic failures. Some she has seen climb steadily to achievement—others gradually lose their grip and slide back into obscurity.

And in every case she has been able to trace the influence of the wife upon the man's career. A magnificent human document, it will not only enthrall you with its interest and depths of human understanding but it will supply you with an excellent measuring stick to determine if you are being the real helpmate to your husband that you wish to be. Read it by all means—PHYSICAL CULTURE for January now on sale—15c.

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A Few of the Outstanding Features in the January Issue

Editorial by *Bernarr Macfadden.*
Life Begins at Forty—If?—*Wainwright Evans.*
"The Voice of Experience"—a new department.
How Will Rogers Keeps Fit—*Homer Croy.*
Divorce My Big Mistake—*Anonymous.*
Preparedness Against Pneumonia — *Dr. Chas. A. Clinton.*
What Mary Pickford Taught Me About Charm—*Carol Cameron.*
I Married a Younger Man—*Anonymous.*
Bilious Attacks and Their Significance—*Sir W. A. Lane, M.D.*
Also many other interesting and helpful articles and departments.

PHYSICAL CULTURE

The Personal Problem Magazine

JANUARY ISSUE ON SALE AT ALL NEWS STANDS, 15¢

The FIGHTING

Conqueror of Campeche—A Solo Battle with Villa's Hellions—Stood Against a Wall

(Reading time: 20 min. 25 sec.)

THE redoubtable Sam Dreben began life in a ghetto in Russia. Even as a small boy he wanted to be a soldier. To become one, he had to work his way to America, but before he was twenty-two he was wearing Uncle Sam's uniform in the Philippines. His sheer bravery in battle was displayed both there and in China during the capture of Peking.

From China he was returned to the Philippines, where, as Tex told last week, he had adventures alternately hair-raising and ludicrous while campaigning against the Moro fanatics. His enlistment ending, he drifted a while; sought vainly to join up with the Japs for their war with that enemy of his people, the Czar; served a second three years in the U. S. Army, emerging a sergeant. After that he tried rat-catching, then saloon-keeping in Panama, then the soldiering of fortune in Nicaragua and Honduras, where he first became the side kick of Tracy Richardson.

When he came back, San Francisco was getting ready for its World's Fair. He was made agent of a fireworks company, but lost the job by mixing fire water with his samples. Next he turned up in New Orleans, broke as usual.

PART THREE—COLONEL SAM AND COLONEL TRACY

UP to this time Dreben had had to hunt for his wars. Now, one morning when he had side-stepped the landlord and set out to scout for breakfast, a dapper little Latin stepped up to him. It was Pino Suárez, who was later to become Vice President of Mexico.

"Colonel Dreben, would you like to fight?" he asked.

"Sure. Where will we go?" Sam agreed.

"You misunderstand! The war for liberty is about to start. Would you accept a commission in our army?"

"Sure. What army, and where is the war?" Sam was anxious to please.

Señor Suárez unfolded the plot. A small group of intellectuals in Mexico had organized a party to revolt against the aged dictator Porfirio Diaz. A young dreamer and pacifist, Francisco I. Madero, had been selected to head the revolt. Fighting had started in Chihuahua.

Señor Suárez and a rebel junta in New Orleans proposed to start the insurrection in the extreme southern states. The junta had money. Señor Suárez actually had a sizable bank roll in his pocket. It did not take Sam fifteen minutes to become an enthusiastic patriot in the cause of *Tierra y Libertad* (Land and Liberty).

He received a bonus of three hundred dollars on the spot, and with an insolent strut returned to his lodging house to put his landlord in his place. Then he had breakfast, bought a suit of clothes, and lost fifty dollars in a crap game. Money always scorched Sam's pockets.

His war record was the cause of his being watched by the American Secret Service agents who were trying to stop gun running. He was closely watched by two who had roped him into a hotel-lobby friendship.

On the night that he was to leave for the foreign wars he gave a party to the two gum shoes, drank them under the table, dropped out of a back window, and before morning was aboard a yawl loaded with munitions.

The campaign that followed was real comic opera. Sam always pointed to that war as a model. Not a life was lost, and he was the commander in chief, *jefe politico*, lord high justice, and both commissary and treasurer.

The little yawl slipped into Belize, British Honduras. There the munitions were landed, to be packed across the Mexican line into the state of Campeche. A small company of Maderistas were waiting to start the revolt, and Dreben was appointed commander. He had his own little army, with no superior officers to cramp his style.

It is true that his army was a barefooted gang of Indians, few of whom had ever handled a gun before, but they had their machetes and Sam had a machine gun. The next morning he started them toward the nearest town.

It was fortunate for him that the Federal troops were few and scattered. At the first town he sent in a courier demanding surrender. The commander and the town president asked for a truce while they discussed it.

"Not ten minutes," Dreben replied. "In the name of *Tierra y Libertad* I am advancing to the attack."

Firing a short burst from the machine gun over the roof of the *palacio municipal*, he gave the command "Forward!" The commander and a committee of the city fathers met him with a white flag and surrendered.

This incident repeated half a dozen times was the campaign in Campeche. In every town Dreben released the prisoners and added them to his army. Not a life was lost. The few Federal soldiers fled.

Public sympathy was with the revolution. In every town the rebels were met with cheering peons. Sam had recruited a band, and he would confiscate enough cattle and goats to feed the crowd, deal out free booze, and order a fiesta. While the happy throng of Indians danced in the plaza, he would go to the jail and demand the records of the prisoners.

Political prisoners and peons imprisoned for debt or refusing to work were freed with a scratch of the pen. Those charged with more serious crimes were given a new trial by Chief Justice Dreben. He had a system that might be recommended to other jurists. If the crowd hissed a prisoner, back he went to his cell. No wonder the young Jewish conquistador was popular!

In the northern states the revolt had not been a peaceful parade. There had been hard-fought battles. General Pascual Orozco had conquered the western part of Chihuahua. Pancho Villa, for years a hunted bandit, had come out of the mountains at the head of a small army of wild cowboys. The insurgent commanders joined forces under Madero and captured Juárez.

President Diaz fled the country, and Madero went in triumph to Mexico City to succeed him. Far in the south Dreben got the news of the victory. He marched his army to Mérida, capital of Yucatan.

His friend Pino Suárez had been made governor, and not long afterward was elected vice president. He gave a banquet in Sam's honor and paid him $5,000 in gold. Sam took the next boat for New Orleans, vowing that this time he would be careful of his money.

IN New Orleans he found letters from his brother and sisters in Philadelphia. His aged father had arrived from Russia. Sam took the first train. His family were proud of little Sammie who had become famous in the foreign wars. Also he was rich and generous with his gold money. It was a nice reunion while it lasted. Then the inevitable happened.

The World's Series baseball games were going on. With his usual uncanny precision Sam picked the losers and his bank roll vanished. Sadly he returned to New Orleans in search of a job. Here he found his old *compadre*, Tracy Richardson. They did not have long to wait for a new war. Again the mountains of Chihuahua were echoing to the sound of guns.

Generals Inez Salazar and Emilio Campa had lifted the red flag. Colonel Estrada had surrendered Juárez, and then General Pascual Orozco had joined the outbreak against his old chief, Madero. Thousands had joined the rebel forces.

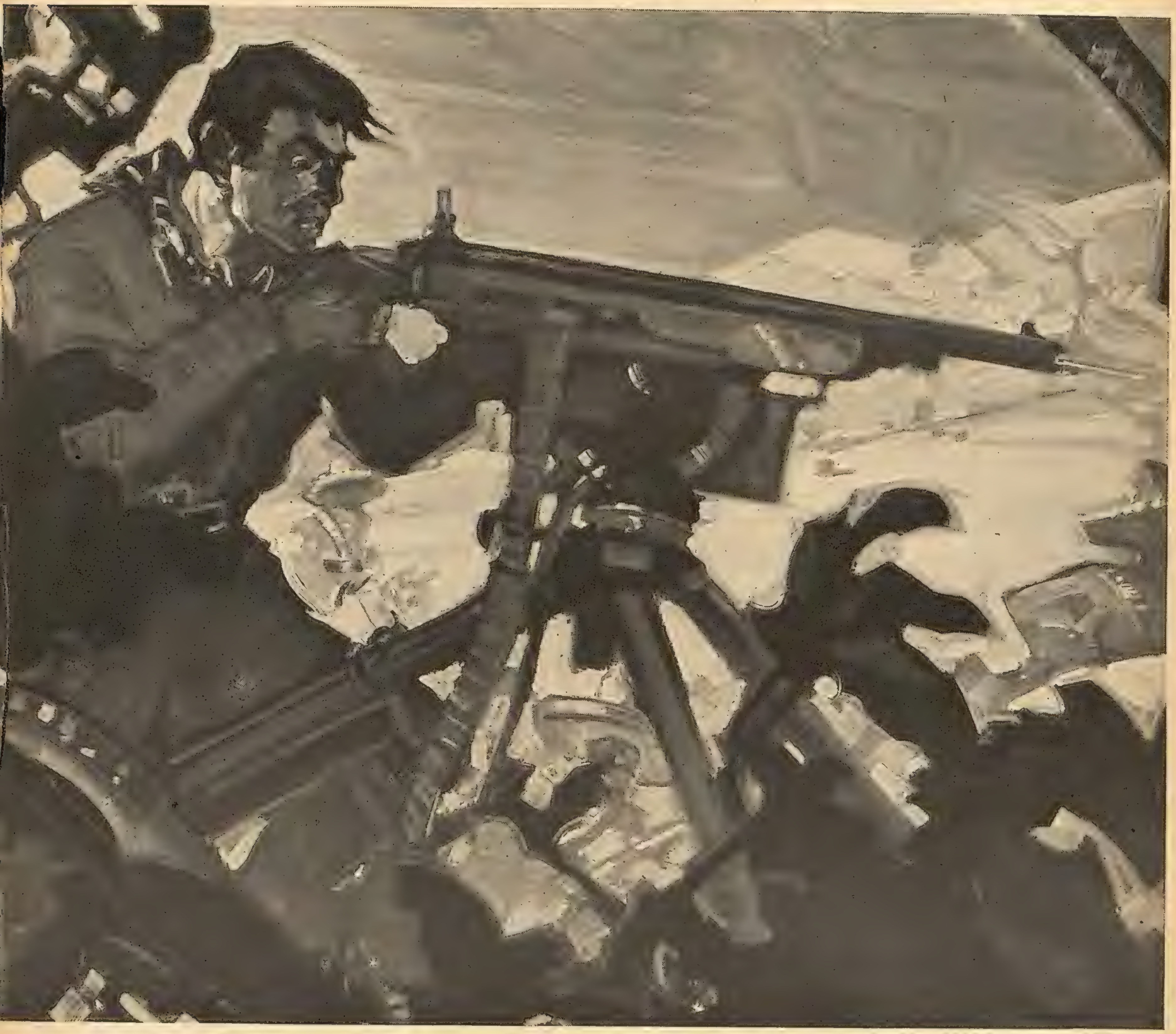
It looked like a good war. At least it was better than no war at all, so Tracy and Sam headed for El Paso and crossed the international bridge, to find Salazar and Campa in conference. Their reputations had preceded them and they had no trouble signing up with the rebel cause. Each was promised five hundred dollars a month

JEW

WILDCAT SAM DREBEN'S

Amazing Story
by
HIS OLD PAL

TEX O'REILLY



Sam's machine gun began playing a deadlier tune than Villa's wild men had ever heard.

and given a bonus that day. In command of two machine-gun crews the two were sent south to Chihuahua, the state capital, where the main army was gathering. In Chihuahua Dreben formed a friendship with another soldier of fortune, an old friend of mine, one of the most contradictory characters and finest men I have ever known. It was Louis Wolheim, who was later, on the stage as the Hairy Ape and as Captain Flagg in the play What Price Glory, and in scores of moving pictures, to win national fame.

At that time Wolheim was wandering around Mexico selling raincoats and rubber boots to the fighting armies and teaching the soldiers how to play auction bridge. He had found himself broke in Chihuahua at the time of the rebellion. An enterprising Dutchman had discovered a cargo of waterproof garments stored in a warehouse. They entered into partnership, loaded a wagon with the goods, and cleaned up during the rainy season.

Sam and Wolheim became cronies. Two men more opposite in character and background would be hard to find. Dreben was a Jewish peasant boy, raised in the ghettos of Russia, whose school had been the barrack room. Wolheim was a Cornell honor graduate, with an additional degree for postgraduate work, and he had taught mathematics and physics in a prep school associated with Cornell. However, they both were grand fighting men. Sam was always cheerfully ready to fight anybody's battles, while Wolly had punched a hundred heads.

THEIR meeting was like the first act of a play. Wolly had been celebrating in a barroom. An army captain had rudely interrupted the party. After the fight was over, the captain was taking the long count and Wolly had his cap and sword. The provost guard arrived, and soon the professor calmed down in a cell—and realized that he was in the middle of a bad fix.

Dreben heard that an American was in danger of pos-

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES DeFEO

ing before a firing squad, and rushed to the rescue. Somehow he managed to secure the release of the belligerent raincoat salesman, and the party continued on a minor key. That was the beginning of a lifelong friendship.

Wolheim was a pacifist who punched policemen and went to war, an intellectual who delighted in the company of roughnecks. There was much of Captain Flagg in his make-up.

The majority of the Maderistas had joined with Orozco, but on the flank of the army appeared a new force under General Pancho Villa. Like a hawk he would strike a blow and fade away in the desert. Suddenly he captured the big mining town of Parral, levied on the merchants for money and supplies, and began recruiting.

The red flag army swept south. Orozco took Santa Rosalia, and then Jiménez. A brigade was sent from that city to attack Villa in Parral, and Sam Dreben and his gun crew went along. They attacked at night, and Villa—outnumbered—retreated after a short battle.

That night the red flag recruits sacked the town. There were many Americans in the city. A group of them gathered in a hotel. Saloons were looted, and soon the cry "Kill the gringos!" was raised.

A gang broke in the doors of the hotel where the Americans were living. They smashed open the bar, found the terrified proprietor, and demanded the keys to the rooms of the Americans. Sam Dreben interrupted the party. Jumping through the door of the bar, with his rifle at his shoulder, he yelled at the rioters to halt.

"You would kill gringos, would you?" he shouted. "Come and kill me, then! You're brave when the fight is over, but where were you in the battle? Get out!"

Awed by the fiery little Jew, the bad boys filed into the street. This was one of several occasions when Dreben saved the lives of American civilians.

His efforts to be a good Samaritan were not always welcome. It was in this same raid upon Parral that he learned the possibilities of the insurance business. A squad of red flaggers broke in the door of a Jewish merchant. Sam rushed to the rescue, pistol in hand, and ordered them to disperse.

"Hey, Mr. Captain," shouted the merchant, "please mind your own business."

"But these scoundrels are robbing you," Sam explained.

"Never mind. That's all right. I've got riot insurance with Lloyd's. Them robbers ain't such bad fellows."

"Well, if that's the way you feel about it I'll do a little looting myself," said Sam. "I'll show you a riot that is a riot."

PARRAL had been taken by a surprise attack, but General "Cheche" Campa, the red flag commander, was fighting a man who was master of surprises. Two days later, as the rebel force was retiring, Pancho Villa's force swooped down on its flank. Most of Campa's men stampeded, leaving Dreben almost alone with his gun squad.

That machine gun began playing a deadlier tune than Villa's wild men had ever heard before. It stopped the charge. Dismounted, they began working around the flanks. Sam was on foot with less than a dozen Mexicans who stuck by him. Dismounting his machine gun, he retreated several hundred yards. When the Maderistas again advanced he opened up and drove them to cover. He continued these tactics for more than two hours, until darkness gave him a chance to rejoin the retreating army. It was the greatest solo fight of the war.

Again the red flaggers concentrated at Jiménez and started southward. They sighted the advance guard of the Federal army at Rellano, where the mountains slope down into an immense desert plain.

General Salazar decided to make his fight from the high ground. He intrusted Dreben and Richardson with the job of forming the line of defense. From the hills they watched the advance. It looked as if the Federals intended to charge with their troop trains right into the rebel position. With the rebels was a young photographer, Homer Scott, who for years followed the fighting in Mexico armed only with a camera.

"Why don't you load one of your switch engines with dynamite and bump them on the nose?" he queried.

It was a grand idea. Salazar consenting, they brought one of the old engines to the top of the hill. The track swept downward in a steep grade to where the Federal trains were slowly advancing. Hastily they packed the front of the engine with eight hundred pounds of dynamite and scattered percussion caps over the boxes.

The enemy trains were almost within rifle range when Sam opened the throttle, tied down the whistle, and leaped from the cab. Like a monster out of a nightmare that roaring death machine leaped down the slope.

The leading government train was pushing two flat cars protected with sandbags. The rebel engine struck the cars head on. There was a terrific explosion and wreckage was strewed for a hundred yards across the track. Scores of soldiers were killed.

On the Federal trains there was wild confusion. The troops poured from the cars like frightened ants. Their officers ran about forming them into line. Artillery was dragged from the rear trains and went into belated action. Then the long line advanced up the hill.

Those Federals showed great bravery, but they had no chance. Time after time their line reformed in close order and advanced against that deadly hill. They wavered, halted, and tried to deploy. Then the red flag cavalry charged over the crest of the hill and drove the soldiers like sheep. In a panic-stricken mob they rushed back to the two remaining trains, scrambled aboard, and backed away toward Torreón. They left more than one thousand dead, while the rebel loss was only twenty killed and less than one hundred wounded.

THAT night General Salas killed himself. His death was the cause of the appearance of a sinister figure on the Mexican scene. An old retired general, Victoriano Huerta, was called back into service by President Madero and put in command of the Federal Army of the North, again concentrating at Torreón.

General Huerta was to loom large in Mexican history for the next two years. He was to crush the red flaggers, to betray Madero, who with Pino Suárez was assassinated, and to usurp the presidency. He ruled as a dictator in the fashion of Porfirio Diaz.

On the flank of the insurgents were two menacing clouds. Pancho Villa was raiding outposts. General Trucy Aubert, a noted Mexican veteran of French descent, swung across country with 2,000 cavalry, and struck at the advance rebel army at Jiménez, where Sam Dreben and Tracy Richardson were stationed.

The red flag troops under Salazar and Campa advanced to a position near Jiménez. Sam and Tracy set their guns up under the cover of an irrigation ditch, and the Federals charged. It was a desperate battle. Late in the afternoon Tracy Richardson was shot through the right lung by a sniper perched in a tree.

The Federals were charging in. At that moment Sam's gun jammed. Both machine guns were out of action. Tracy was the better mechanic. He crawled to Sam's gun and began to repair it. Sam took his place in the saddle of Tracy's gun, and played a solo until his own was in action. Tracy fired until, weakened from his wound, he rolled to the ground unconscious.

He was dragged back to an arroyo and his wound was dressed. The bullet had drilled a clean hole through his body, but he could not take time out for wounds. The Federals were again advancing, and Tracy returned to his gun and worked it until he fell exhausted.

Late in the day the Federals retired. Jack Zimmerman, a young American kid working with the rebel Red Cross, arrived on the battlefield and dressed Tracy's wound. This Zimmerman was a fighting youngster. He had been a train butcher. He tried to enter the insurgent army, but as he was so young and had no experience he was not allowed to enlist.

He joined up with the Red Cross and did splendid work in several battles. After Tracy was wounded, Zimmerman joined up with Sam Dreben's detachment. Sam continued on with Salazar's outfit in pursuit of Aubert. The old cavalryman made a stand at Villa Lopez.

In this battle the insurgents did the charging and Sam devised a system of attack that was new in warfare. He charged with a wheelbarrow. He would work the gun until the rebels had passed beyond his position. "Forward with the push buggy!" he would shout. A Mexican helper would trot up with the barrow, Sam would dump the gun and tripod in, and away they would run to a new position. Aubert was worsted and again retreated.

While this fight at Villa Lopez was distracting the attention of the red flaggers, Pancho Villa circled back through the mountains and again captured Parral. This became a habit with Villa. He captured that city half a dozen times in the next year.

Salazar dashed out to teach him a lesson, but it was Salazar who learned the lesson and the rebels retired in disorder. Salazar rallied his force, sent for reënforcements, and continued the argument. The second time Villa was driven from Parral. In both fights Dreben worked his gun.

By this time Richardson had recovered. He and Sam were placed in command of a splendid regiment of 700 mounted men. They were joint commanders. Every one thought of Sam and Tracy as a unit, so perfect was their teamwork. The regiment was attached to the brigade of General César Canales, and the long-delayed drive on Huerta's troops at Torreón started from Jiménez.

Canales's brigade took the advance guard. A few days later the regiment of Dreben and Richardson, the twin colonels, had a head-on collision with an equal force of Federal cavalry at Pedricena. Their coöperative methods were again a grand success. Tracy made a frontal attack, while Sam, with half the command, circled to the left flank and delivered the knockout punch.

It was a victory, but a costly one. Just when the Federals were retreating a stray bullet struck General Canales, and that night he died.

Sam Dreben in action under fire in Mexico —a genuine and most remarkable snapshot.

General "Cheche" Campa was left in command of the brigade. Campa hesitated to follow up the victory. Huerta had had time to organize his army. He advanced from two directions, Torreón and Durango. At last Campa got under way. Abandoning Pedricena, he dashed across country and collided with the main body of government troops.

CAMPA sent his big-hatted cowboys forward with a whoop and a yell. That charge never got within striking distance. General Félipe Angeles had his artillery in position and the cowboys ran into a well placed barrage of shrapnel. Men and horses went down in windrows. Campa's army retreated and formed, but they could not be driven to face this new style of fighting. Sullenly they withdrew.

Campa was in a rage, blaming every one but himself. A few days later he had a verbal clash with Colonel Sam Dreben. Sam accused him to his face of being a coward. The next day Dreben, Richardson, and Zimmerman were arrested and brought before Campa. A firing squad was waiting. The three Americans faced the snarling general.

"I have learned that Dreben tried to attack a Mexican lady!" he roared. "You Americans do not belong in Mexico. I am going to have you all three shot."

Homer Scott was present. He had been told of the impending execution. He had had horses saddled and hidden in the brush near by. Also he had paid two soldiers who hated Campa to stand at the entrance of the courtyard and shoot the general just before he gave the order to fire. It was a forlorn hope but the best Scott could do.

Dreben, Richardson, and Zimmerman were stood against a wall. Campa repeated his charges against Sam.

"Campa, you are a liar," Sam declared, facing him calmly. "You know I never harmed a woman. But if you think I did, shoot me, but why take it out on Richardson and Zimmerman? They have done nothing."

"You are gringos, that is enough!" Campa shouted. He turned to the firing squad. It was a critical moment.

Suddenly a group of Mexican officers stepped before the prisoners.

"General Campa," said Major Zapata, "you have gone too far. These men have fought bravely in our cause. If you insist, we officers will place you under arrest and send you to Chihuahua for court-martial."

Campa weakened and ordered the firing squad to retire, but said Dreben could no longer serve in his command. "You're damn' right I'll leave," Sam said. "I'm through fighting in an outfit commanded by a coward like you."

THE three Americans with Scott and six Mexican officers who also refused to stay with Campa, saddled their horses and hit out north. Two days later they rode into Lerdo late at night. They had been told that the town was occupied by the rebels. They were about to dismount when a volley whistled around their heads. The red flaggers had quit the town and the Federals moved in.

They galloped down the trail in the dark. It was a narrow escape. Cut off from the farm district of Laguna, they struck out across the desert toward the Mexican national railroad. Near Escalon they captured two Federal soldiers and heard bad news. Both Orozco and Salazar had been defeated by old Huerta. The cause of the revolution seemed lost.

The little squad of road-weary men faced a ride of more than 300 miles, most of it in a desert with ranches and water holes probably guarded by the enemy.

They decided to make a detour and head for the border. Day after day they rode on. One day they met with a lone horseman. He turned out to be a welcome visitor. General Antonio Rojas of the red flag army was still holding Santa Rosalia. He had heard that Americans were coming across the desert and had sent scouts to guide them. Several days later they entered Santa Rosalia in triumph.

For ten days the remnants of Orozco's army lingered in the state capital. General Huerta advanced north with his main army. An attempt was made to halt them at Bachimba Pass. Again they smashed the rebel lines with artillery fire. The withdrawal became a stampede, and the routed red flaggers poured into Chihuahua. The city was looted, and then the rebels started on their final flight to the border.

Sam and Tracy had fought to the last minute at Bachimba Pass. For them the war was over, and they received their discharges and headed north.

Late one night the two weary soldiers of fortune slipped across the Rio Grande into El Paso, and made their way to a quiet hotel.

All that they wanted was a good bath, some real American grub, and a night's sleep on American soil. This time there was no celebration.

Next week's installment of The Fighting Jew will tell of Sam Dreben's dare-devil exploits gun-running for Carranza and Villa.

WHEN WINTER Comes to the POTTERS

Some Little Beaver or Caracul Can Thank His Stars for a Man Like Pa!

By J. P. McEVOY

(Reading time: 6 minutes 10 seconds.)

THE seasons roll around and leave their problems on the Potter doorstep like so many abandoned children. Deep in troubled sleep Pa hears the whimpering outside. "It's only the wolf," he says, and rolls over; but the whimpering continues, and finally he gets up and goes out to find another problem lying between the morning milk and the morning newspaper. This morning it was wrapped in the paper which Ma and Mamie have now taken apart and are restudying with that feminine concentration which always frightens a family man. Pa is trying to appear brave, but over him hovers a doom and a boding.

MA: Pa, I want to talk to you about something.

PA: No.

MA: But you don't know what I want to talk to you about.

PA: The answer is still no, and even after I know what it is, the answer is no. Anyway, I know what it is.

MA: How do you know?

PA: Every time you look up from a newspaper and want to ask a question, I know it isn't politics or clothes.

MA: Smart, aren't you?

PA: I haven't been married to you twenty-five years for nothing. Although, come to think of it, I haven't got much out of it.

MA: You've got your children.

PA: You can have 'em. I'll give 'em back to you.

MAMIE: *(Looking up from paper)* I like that!

PA: You're welcome. And now, if you don't mind, I'll continue reading where I was interrupted.

MA: You're going to listen to me first, Pa Potter.

PA: I know it, but I like to pretend. *(Folds paper and leans back with eyes closed)* Go ahead.

MA: If you think you're going to sleep while I talk—

PA: You know better than that. Was I ever able to sleep while you talked? Haven't I tried to for years? But go ahead and spill it. Don't tell me you're bashful, at your age.

MA: *(Rising briskly)* Never mind my age. If you dressed me like other women—

PA: We're off!

MA: Here, I want to show you something. Look at this coat!

PA: Lovely.

MA: Lovely! It was all right five years ago, when you bought it.

PA: *(Dreamily)* Old coats, old friends, old wine—how memory clings!

MA: You needn't think you're getting away with anything. This old fur coat looks like a rat's nest, and you know it. Don't think you're getting away with anything.

PA: Getting away with anything! You're the one who's trying to get away with something. Do you remember what you told me three years ago when I bought that coat?

MA: Five.

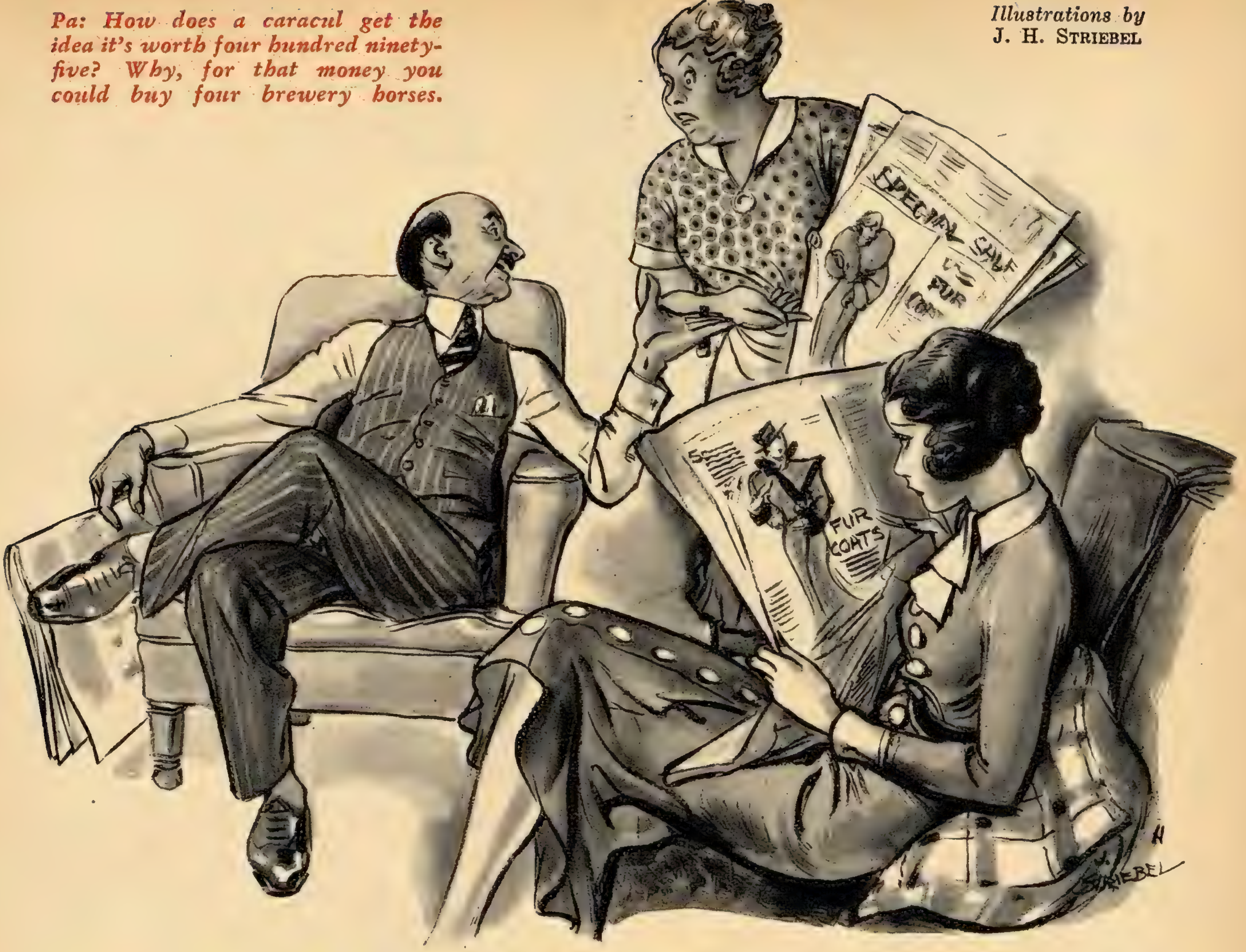
PA: Well, four. You told me it would last a lifetime. "Beaver will last a lifetime," you said. I remember that.

MA: Well, it lasted five years.

PA: Three. Possibly four. But certainly not five, and certainly not a lifetime. And now, while we're on the subject, I want to call something to your attention. I wouldn't have mentioned it, only you brought it up. I want you to take a beaver, for example. Think about him just a little bit. He's born with a fur coat just like yours. He wears it all the time, day and night, winter and summer. He works in the woods with it, cuts down trees,

Pa: How does a caracul get the idea it's worth four hundred ninety-five? Why, for that money you could buy four brewery horses.

Illustrations by
J. H. STRIEBEL



builds dams, spends half his life under water rooting around in the mud. With the same fur coat. And it never wears out. It gets better if anything. What do you do? Play bridge in it. Get in and out of street cars. Store it nine months a year. And in three years it's all worn out. And yet they call beavers dumb animals. I think they're damn' smart, if you ask me.

MA: *(Speechless)* Why, I never heard of such nonsense!

PA: It's not nonsense, little woman. Truth will prevail though the heavens fall. The fact is that, compared with a little ordinary beaver, you fall short in everything—thrift, industry, I might even say attractiveness. *(Turning on Mamie)* And as for you, young lady, you might just as well put that paper down. I can see what you're reading.

MAMIE: I wouldn't have to read the ads to look for bargains if you'd done what I wanted you to do last August.

PA: Why just August? Why not January, March, July—every other month?

MAMIE: Because the fur sales were all held last August.

MA: We both told you. Now you're going to have to pay twice as much.

PA: Oh, I am, am I? Twice as much with half of what? And even if I had it, where does Mamie get off, wanting a fur coat? She's got a fur coat.

MAMIE: *(Bitterly)* Fur coat! When I went to put on my squirrel yesterday, an owl flew out of it.

PA: You shouldn't stay out so late nights.

MA: And everything was so cheap in August! We could have saved a hundred dollars on this coat here. Look at this ad!

PA: *(Reading)* "Four hundred and ninety-five dollars for this lovely caracul." I never heard of a caracul. What does it look like? Where does it live? And how the devil does it get the idea that it's worth four hundred and ninety-five dollars, dead or alive? Why, for that money you could go out and buy a baby elephant or four brewery horses.

MA: I thought the conversation would get around to beer some way.

PA: A brewery horse is a noble animal. I bet he's five times as big as a caracul. And he would never think of asking four hundred and ninety-five dollars for his hide. You could buy him alive for that, and a big brother too, and they'd haul beer for you all their lives.

MA: I can't get any sense out of you at all.

PA: The trouble with you, little woman, is that you don't recognize sense when you hear it.

MA: Maybe you think saving a hundred dollars on a coat isn't sense.

PA: It's a step in the right direction, my dear; but I'm going to save four hundred and ninety-five dollars.

MA: We both look like tramps. I should think you'd be ashamed to be seen on the street with us.

PA: On the contrary, I am very proud to be seen with you. Two lovely women dressed in beautiful fur coats, and me with the seat of my pants out. I think it's very wonderful of you, and self-sacrificing and everything, to go out with me. Only the other day one of my friends said, "Who were those two lovely women in the elegant fur coats that you were out walking with the other day?" And I said, "That was my adoring wife and charming daughter." And he said, "A bum like you couldn't possibly have such a well dressed family." And I said, "You don't understand. It's only because they are very thrifty and know how to take care of their clothes."

MA: I think you're crazy.

MAMIE: Crazy like a fox.

PA: *(Strolling out and pausing at door for parting shot)* Lucky that I'm not a fox. You'd be wearing my hide.

Tarzan and the LIONMAN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY DEAN

New Perils, New Excitements Enliven the Strangest, Most Thrilling of All the Tales of Tarzan

(Reading time: 23 minutes 50 seconds.)

A MOVING-PICTURE company sends Tom Orman, a director, to Africa with a company to make a jungle film. Naomi Madison is the leading lady. Stanley Obroski is the Lion Man. Rhonda Terry, Pat O'Grady, Bill West, and Gordon Z. Marcus are in the company.

The movie safari pushes into the wilderness and is attacked by savage Basutos. The Negro porters desert. The Arab soldiers abduct Naomi and Rhonda and leave with a map which they suppose locates a valley of diamonds. Obroski is captured by the Basutos. He is rescued by Tarzan, of whom he is an exact double. Rhonda and Naomi escape from the Arabs. They become separated and Rhonda is caught by two gorillas who, to her horror, speak English. They take her to their city, where she is imprisoned.

Naomi is recaptured by the Arabs. These latter attempt to enter the valley of diamonds, but are attacked by the gorillas, who put them to flight. In the battle Naomi is caught by one of the simians and carried off. She is rescued by Tarzan, who finally restores her to Tom Orman and Bill West, all of them believing him to be the missing Obroski. Tarzan goes to try and save Rhonda, a captive in "London," the city of the gorillas; and is himself made a prisoner.

PART SEVEN—"BEFORE I EAT YOU!"

AS the thing that called itself God departed from the other chamber, closing the door after it, Tarzan turned toward the girl sitting on the straw of their prison cell.

"I have seen many strange things in my life," he said, "but this is by far the strangest. Sometimes I think that I must be dreaming. How long have you been here?"

"I have been in God's castle since yesterday; but I was in the palace of Henry the Eighth for more than a week. Don't those names sound incongruous when applied to beasts?"

"I thought that nothing more could ever sound strange to me after I met *Buckingham* this morning."

"You met Buckingham? It was he who captured me and brought me to this city. Did he capture you too?"

Tarzan shook his head. "No. He had captured Naomi Madison."

"Naomi! What became of her?"

"She is with Orman and West and one of the Arabs at the foot of the falls. I came here to find you and take you to them; but it is commencing to look as though I had made a mess of it—getting captured myself."

"But how did Naomi get away from Buckingham?" demanded the girl.

"I killed him," Tarzan replied.

"*You* killed *Buckingham!*" Rhonda looked at Tarzan with wide, unbelieving eyes.

The girl surveyed him in silence through level eyes.

"You're not a bad kid, Stanley," she said, "but you mustn't tell naughty stories to your Aunt Rhonda."

Tarzan turned away and commenced to examine the room in which they were confined. The flickering light of the torch in the adjoining room lighted it dimly. He found a square chamber the walls of which were faced with roughly hewn stone; the ceiling was of planking supported by huge beams. The far end of the room was so dark that he could not see the ceiling at that point; the last beam cast a heavy shadow there upon the ceiling. He thought he detected a steady current of air moving from the barred doorway of the other room to this far corner of their cell. Having finished his inspection, he came and sat down on the straw beside Rhonda. "You say you have been here a week?" he inquired.

"In the city—not right here," she replied. "Why?"

"I was thinking—they must feed you, then?"

"When they brought me here yesterday they gave me enough food for the day; this morning they brought me another day's supply. They bring it into that next room and shove it through the bars. No dishes or anything like that. They just shove it through on to the floor with their dirty bare hands, or paws. All except the water. They bring water in that gourd there in the corner."

Further conversation was interrupted by the return of God. He pulled a chair up in front of the barred door.

"Henry is a fool," he announced. "He's trying to work his followers up to a pitch that will make it possible for him to induce them to attack heaven and kill God. They won't bother me tonight; so I thought I'd come down and have a pleasant visit with you. There won't be many more opportunities, for you will have to serve your purpose before something happens to prevent. I can't take any chances."

"What is this strange purpose we are to serve?" asked Rhonda.

"It is purely scientific; but it is a long story and I shall have to start at the beginning," explained God.

"The beginning!" he repeated dreamily. "How long ago it was! It was while I was still an undergraduate at Oxford that I first had a glimmering of the light that finally dawned. I had always been intrigued by Lamarck's investigations and later by Darwin's. They were on the right track, but they did not go far enough.

"In 1857 I felt that I had practically solved the mystery

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

of heredity, and in that year I published a monograph on the subject.

“Briefly, there are two types of cells that we inherit from our parents—body cells and germ cells. These cells are composed of chromosomes containing genes—a separate gene for each mental and physical characteristic. The body cells, dividing, multiplying, changing, growing, determine the sort of individual we are to be. The germ cells, remaining practically unchanged from our conception, determine what characteristics our progeny will inherit.

“I determined that heredity could be controlled through the transference of these genes from one individual to another. I learned that the genes never die; they are absolutely indestructible—the basis of all life on earth, the promise of immortality throughout all eternity.

“I was certain of all this, but I could carry on no experiments. Scientists scoffed at me, the public laughed at me, the authorities threatened to lock me up in a madhouse. The church wished to crucify me.

“I hid, and carried on my research in secret.

“Finally I managed, through bribery, to gain access to a number of tombs in Westminster Abbey; and from the corpses of former kings and queens of England and many a noble lord and lady I extracted the deathless genes.

“IT was the rape of Henry the Eighth that caused my undoing. I was discovered in the act by one who had not been bribed. He did not turn me over to the authorities, but he commenced to blackmail me. Because of him I faced either financial ruin or a long term in prison.

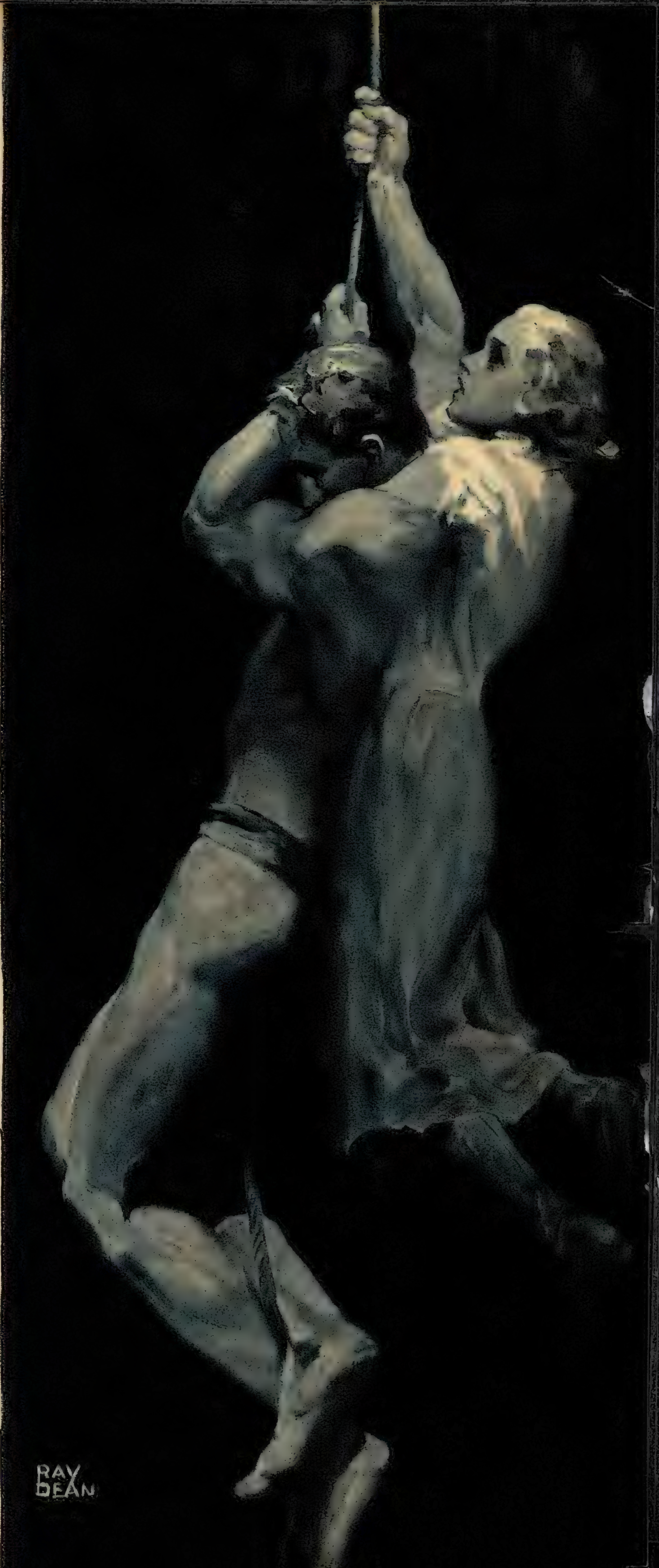
“I fled England. My plans were already made. I came to Africa and employed a white guide to lead me to gorilla country. He brought me here. Then I killed him, so that no one might learn of my whereabouts.

“There were hundreds of gorillas here—yes, thousands. I poisoned their food; I shot them with poisoned arrows; but I used a poison that only anæsthetized them. Then I removed their germ cells and substituted human cells that I had brought with me from England in a culture medium that encouraged their multiplication.

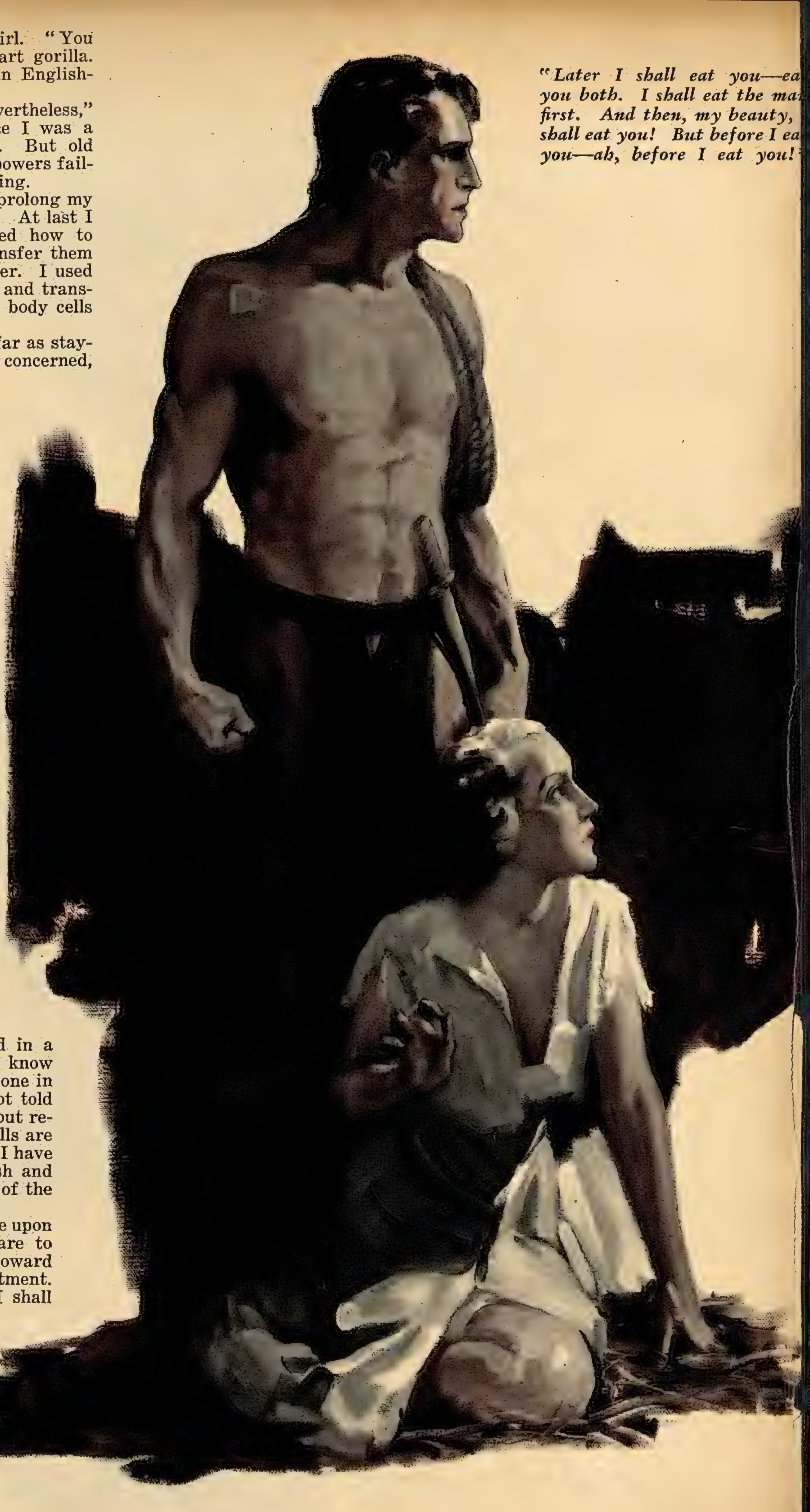
“For years I watched them,” he continued, “with increasing disappointment. From generation to generation I could note no outward indication that the human germ cells had exerted the slightest influence upon the anthropoids. Then I commenced to note indications of greater intelligence among them. Also they quarreled more, were more avaricious, more vindictive—they were revealing more and more the traits of man.

“As the gorillas learned and came to me for further instruction, I taught them agriculture, architecture, and building—among other things. Under my direction they built this city, which I named London, upon the river that I have called Thames.

“I gave them laws; a royal family and a nobility. I became their god.”



“Hold tight!” he admonished. Then he swarmed up the rope like a monkey, hand-over-hand.



“Later I shall eat you—ea
you both. I shall eat the ma
first. And then, my beauty,
shall eat you! But before I ea
you—ah, before I eat you!

“But you?” asked the girl. “You are not human. You are part gorilla. How could you have been an Englishman?”

“I am an Englishman nevertheless,” replied the creature. “Once I was a very handsome Englishman. But old age overtook me. I felt my powers failing. I saw the grave beckoning.

“I sought some means to prolong my life and to bring back youth. At last I was successful. I discovered how to segregate body cells and transfer them from one individual to another. I used young gorillas of both sexes and transplanted their virile youthful body cells to my own body.

“I achieved success in so far as staying the ravages of old age is concerned, and renewing youth. But as the body cells of the gorillas multiplied within me I began to acquire the physical characteristics of gorillas. My skin turned black, hair grew upon all parts of my body, my hands changed, my teeth. Some day I shall be, to all intent and purpose, a gorilla. Or rather I should have been, had it not been for the fortunate circumstance that brought you to me.”

“I DO not understand,” said Rhonda.

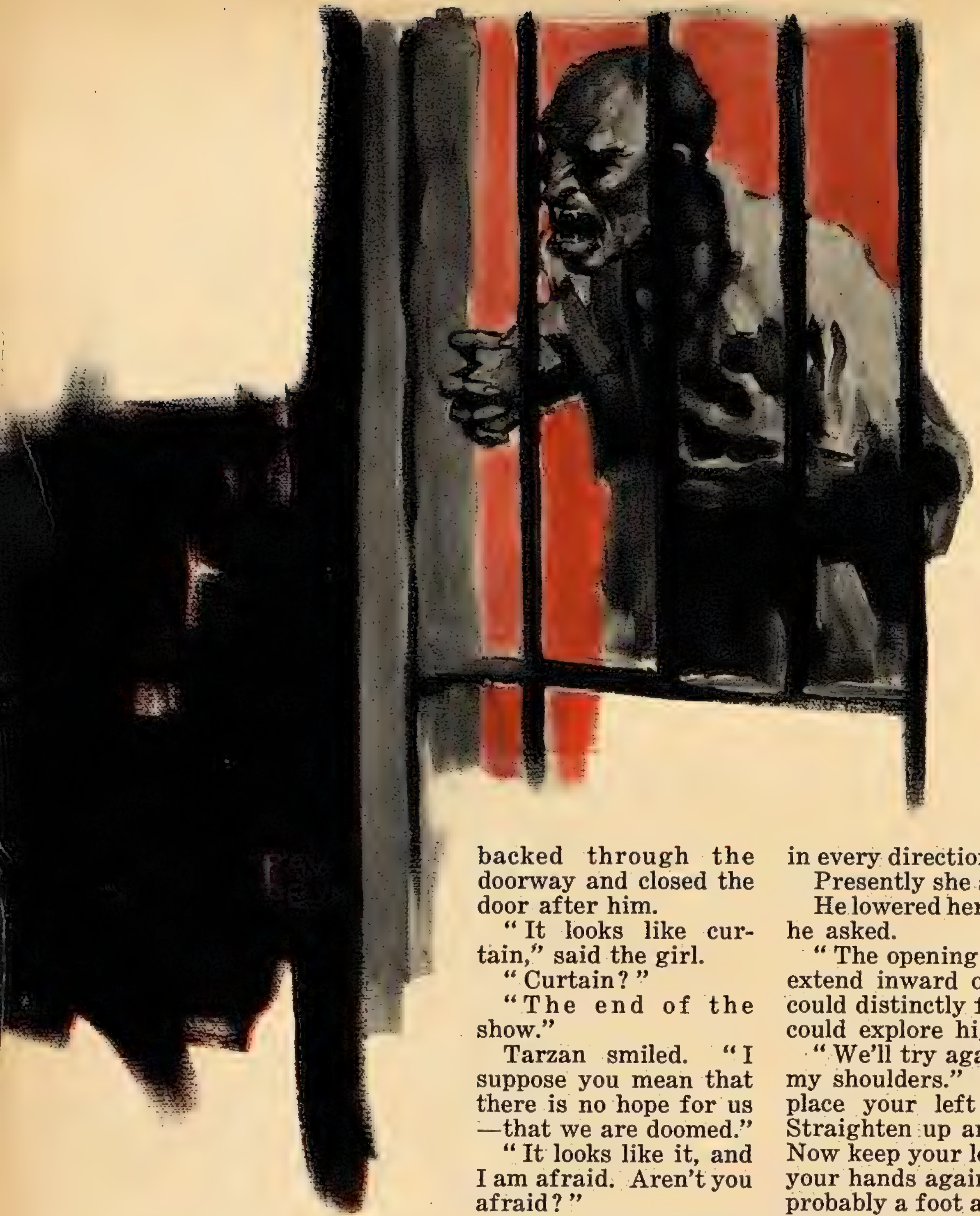
“You will. With the body cells from you and this young man I shall not only insure my youth, but I shall again take on the semblance of man.”

“But you will not have to kill us!” Rhonda exclaimed. “You take the germ cells from gorillas without killing them. When you have taken some from us, you will let us go?”

The creature rose and came close to the bars. His yellow fangs were bared in a fiendish grin. “You do not know all,” he said. A mad light shone in his blazing eyes. “I have not told you all that I have learned about rejuvenation. The new body cells are potent, but they work slowly. I have found that by eating the flesh and the glands of youth the speed of the metamorphosis is accelerated.

“I leave you now to meditate upon the great service that you are to render science!” He backed toward the far door of the other apartment. “But I will return. Later I shall eat you—eat you both. I shall eat the man first. And then, my beauty, I shall eat you! But before I eat you—ah, before I eat you!”

Chuckling, he



backed through the doorway and closed the door after him.

"It looks like curtain," said the girl.

"Curtain?"

"The end of the show."

Tarzan smiled. "I suppose you mean that there is no hope for us—that we are doomed."

"It looks like it, and I am afraid. Aren't you afraid?"

"We are still alive," he laughed, "and that is fully nine tenths of safety."

Rhonda laughed. "I didn't know you were such an optimist," she declared.

"Perhaps I have something to be optimistic about," he replied. "Do you feel that draft on the floor?"

The girl rose to her feet. She was quick to understand the meaning of his remark. "No," she said; "I see no opening."

"Neither do I; but there must be one, and we know that it must be some place that we cannot see." He spoke in a whisper.

"Yes, that is right."

"And the only part of this room that we can't see plainly is among the dark shadows on the ceiling over in that far corner. Also, I have felt the air current moving in that direction."

HE walked over to the corner of the room he had indicated and looked up into the darkness. The girl came and stood beside him, also peering upward.

"Do you see anything?" she asked, her voice barely audible.

"It is very dark," he replied, "but I think that I do see something—a little patch that appears darker than the rest, as though it had depth."

"Your eyes are better than mine," she said.

From somewhere apparently directly above them, but at a distance, sounded a hollow chuckle, weird, uncanny.

Rhonda laid her hand impulsively on Tarzan's arm. "You are right," she whispered. "There is an opening above us—that sound came down through it."

"We must be very careful what we say above a whisper," he cautioned.

The opening in the ceiling, if such it were, appeared to be exactly in the corner of the room. Tarzan examined the walls carefully, feeling every square foot of them as high as he could reach; but he found nothing that would give him a handhold. Then he sprang upward with outstretched hand—and felt an edge of an opening in the ceiling.

"It is there," he whispered.

"But what good will it do us? We can't reach it."

"We can try," he said. Then he stooped down close to the wall in the corner of the room. "Get on my shoulders," he directed. "Stand on them. Support yourself with your hands against the wall."

RHONDA climbed to his shoulders. Grasping her legs to steady her, he rose slowly until he stood erect.

"Feel carefully in all directions," he whispered. "Estimate the size of the opening. Search for a handhold."

For some time the girl was silent. He could tell by the shifting of her weight from one foot to the other and by the stretching of her leg muscles that she was examining the opening in every direction as far as she could reach.

Presently she spoke to him. "Let me down," she said.

He lowered her to the floor. "What did you discover?" he asked.

"The opening is about two feet by three. It seems to extend inward over the top of the wall at one side—I could distinctly feel a ledge there. If I could get on it I could explore higher."

"We'll try again," said Tarzan. "Put your hands on my shoulders." They stood facing each other. "Now place your left foot in my right hand. That's it! Straighten up and put your other foot in my left hand. Now keep your legs and body rigid, steady yourself with your hands against the wall, and I'll lift you up again—probably a foot and a half higher than you were before."

"All right," she whispered. "Lift!"

He raised her easily but slowly to the full extent of his arms. For a moment he held her thus. Then, first from one hand and then from the other, her weight was lifted from him.

He waited, listening. A long minute of silence ensued. Then, from above him, came a surprised "Ouch!"

Tarzan made no sound; he asked no question—he waited. He could hear her breathing, and knew that nothing very serious had surprised that exclamation from her.

Presently he caught a low whisper from above:

"Toss me your rope!"

He lifted the grass rope from where it lay coiled across one shoulder and threw a loop upward into the darkness toward the girl above. The first time she missed it and it fell back; but the next, she caught it. He heard her working with it in the darkness above.

"Try it," she whispered presently.

He seized the rope above his head and raised his feet from the ground so that it supported all his weight. It held without slipping. Then, hand over hand, he climbed.

He felt the girl reach out and touch his body; then she guided one of his feet to the ledge where she stood. A moment later he was standing by her side.

"What have you found?" he asked.

"I found a wooden beam," she replied. "I bumped my head on it."

He understood now the origin of the exclamation he had heard, and reaching out felt a heavy beam opposite his shoulders. The rope was fastened around it.

The ledge they had reached was evidently the top of the wall of the room below. The shaft that ran upward was, as the girl had said, about two feet by three. A beam bisected its longer axis, leaving a space on each side large enough to permit a man's body to pass.

Tarzan wedged himself through and clambered to the top of the beam. Above him the shaft rose as far as he could reach without hand- or foothold.

He leaned down toward the girl. "Give me your hand," he said, and lifted her to the beam. "We've got to do a little more exploring," he whispered. "I'll lift you as I did before."

"I hope you can keep your balance on this beam," she said; but she did not hesitate to step into his cupped hands.

"I hope so," he replied laconically.

For a moment she groped about above her; then she whispered, "Let me down."

He lowered her to his side, holding her so that she would not lose her balance and fall.

"Well?" he asked.

"I found another beam," she said, "but the top of it is just out of my reach. I could feel the bottom and a part of each side, but I was just a few inches too short to reach the top. What are we to do? It is just like a nightmare—straining here in the darkness, with some horrible menace lurking ready to seize one, and not being quite able to reach the sole means of safety!"

Tarzan stooped and untied the rope that was still fastened around the beam upon which they stood.

"The Tarmangani have a number of foolish sayings," he remarked. "One of them is that there are more ways than one of skinning a cat."

"Who are the Tarmangani?" she asked.

Tarzan grinned in the safety of the concealing darkness. For a moment he had forgotten that he was playing a part. "Oh, just a silly tribe," he replied.

"That is an old saying in America. I have heard my grandfather use it. It is strange that an African tribe should have an identical proverb."

He did not tell her that in his mother tongue, the first language that he had learned, the language of the great apes, Tarmangani meant any or all white men.

He coiled the rope and, holding one end, tossed the coils into the darkness of the shaft above him. The coils fell back on top of them. Again he coiled and threw—again with the same result. Twice more he failed. And then the end of the rope that he held in his hand remained stretching up into the darkness, while the opposite end dropped to swing against them. With the free end that he had thrown over the beam he bent a noose around the length that depended from the opposite side of the beam, making it fast with a bowline knot. Then he pulled the noose up tight against the beam above.

"Do you think you can climb it?" he asked the girl.

"I don't know," she said, "but I can try."

"You might fall," he warned. "I'll carry you." He swung her lightly to his back before she realized what he purposed. "Hold tight!" he admonished. Then he swarmed up the rope like a monkey, hand over hand.

At the top he seized the beam and drew himself and the girl on to it. And here they repeated what they had done before—searching for and finding another beam above the one upon which they stood.

As the ape man drew himself to the third beam he saw an opening directly before his face—and through the opening a star. Now the darkness was relieved. The faint light of a partially cloudy night revealed a little section of flat roof bounded by a parapet, and when Tarzan reconnoitered further he discovered that they had ascended into one of the small towers of the castle.

As he was about to step from the tower on to the roof, he heard the uncanny chuckle with which they were now so familiar and drew back into the darkness of the interior. Silent and motionless, the two stood there, waiting, listening.

The chuckling was repeated, this time nearer; and to the keen ears of Tarzan came the sound of naked feet approaching. His ears told him more than this: they told him that the thing that walked did not walk alone—there was another with it.

Presently they came in sight, walking slowly. One of them, as the ape man had guessed, was the creature that called itself God; the other was a large bull gorilla.

As they came opposite the two fugitives they stopped and leaned upon the parapet, looking down into the city.

"Henry should not have caroused tonight, Cranmer," remarked the creature called God. "He has a hard day before him tomorrow."

"How is that, my Lord God?" inquired the other.

"Have you forgotten that this is the anniversary of the completion of the holy stairway to heaven?"

"'Sblood! So it is. And Henry has to walk up it on his hands to worship at the feet of his God."

"And Henry is getting old and much too fat. The sun will be hot, too. But—it humbleth the pride of kings and teacheth humility to the common people."

"Let none forget that thou art the Lord our God, O Father!" said Cranmer piously.

"And what a surprise I'll have for Henry when he reaches the top of the stairs! There I'll stand, with this English girl I stole from him kneeling at my feet. You sent for her, didn't you, Cranmer?"

"Yes, my lord; I sent one of the lesser priests to fetch her. They should be here any minute now. But, my lord, do you think that it will be wise to anger Henry further? You know that many of the nobles are on his side and are plotting against you."

A horrid chuckle broke from the lips of the gorilla man. "You forget that I am God," he said. "You must never forget that fact, Cranmer! Henry is forgetting it, and his poor memory will prove his undoing."

The creature straightened up to its full height. An ugly growl supplanted the chuckle of a moment before.

"You all forget," he cried, "that it was I who created you! It is I who can destroy you! First I shall make Henry mad, and then I shall crush him. That is the kind of god that humans like—it is the only kind they can understand. Because they are jealous and cruel and vindictive they have to have a jealous, cruel, vindictive god. I was able to give you only the minds of humans; so I have to be a god that such minds can appreciate. Tomorrow Henry shall appreciate me to the full!"

"What do you mean, my lord?"

The gorilla God chuckled again. "When he reaches the top of the stairs I am going to blast him; I am going to destroy him."

"You are going to kill the king! But, my lord, the Prince of Wales is too young to be a king."

"He will not be king. I am tired of kings! We shall pass over Edward the Sixth and Mary. That is one of the advantages of having God on your side, Cranmer. We shall skip eleven years and save you from burning at the stake. The next sovereign of England will be Queen Elizabeth."

"Henry has many daughters from which to choose, my lord," said Cranmer.

"I shall choose none of them. I have just had an inspiration, Cranmer."

"From whence, my Lord God?"

"From myself, of course, you fool! It is perfect. It is ideal." He chuckled appreciatively. "I am going to make this English girl queen of England—Queen Elizabeth! She will be tractable—she will do as I tell her. And she will serve all my other purposes as well. Or almost all. Of course I cannot eat her, Cranmer. One cannot eat his queen and have her too."

"Here comes the under priest, my lord," interrupted Cranmer.

"He is alone!" exclaimed God. "He has not brought the girl."

An old gorilla lumbered up to the two. He appeared excited.

"Where is the girl?" demanded God.

"She was not there, my lord. She is gone, and the man too."

"Gone! But that is impossible."

"The room is empty."

"The doors! Had they been unlocked, either of them?"

"No, my lord; they were both locked."

The gorilla God went suddenly silent. For a few moments he remained in thought. Then he spoke in very low tones to his two companions.

Tarzan and the girl watched them from their place of concealment in the tower. The ape man was restless. He wished that they would go away so that he could search for some avenue of escape from the castle. Alone he might have faced them and relied on his strength and agility to win his freedom. But he could not hope to make good the escape of the girl and himself both in the face of their ignorance of a way out of the castle and the numbers which he was sure the gorilla God could call to his assistance in case of need.

He saw the priest turn and hurry away. The other two walked a short distance from the tower, turned so that they faced it, leaned against the parapet, and continued their conversation—though now Tarzan could no longer overhear their exact words. The position of the two was such that the fugitives could not have left the tower without being seen by them.

The ape man became apprehensive. The abnormal sensibility of the hunted beast warned him of impending danger; but he did not know where to look for it nor in what form to expect it.

Presently he saw a bull gorilla roll within range of his vision. The beast carried a pike. Behind him came another similarly armed, and another and another and another, until twenty of the great anthropoids were gathered on the castle roof.

THEY clustered about Cranmer and the gorilla God for a minute or two. The latter was talking to them. Tarzan could recognize the tones if not the words. Then the twenty approached the tower and grouped themselves into a semicircle before the low aperture leading into it.

Both Rhonda Terry and the Lord of the Jungle were sure that their hiding place was guessed if not known; yet they could not be certain. They would wait. That was all they could do. However, it was an easy place to defend; and they might remain there awaiting some happy circumstance that would give them a better chance of escape than was presented to them by conditions at the moment.

The gorillas on the roof seemed only to be waiting. They did not appear to be contemplating an investigation of the interior of the tower. Perhaps, thought Tarzan, they were there for some other purpose than that which he had imagined. They might have been gathered in preparation for the coming of the king to his death in the morning.

By the parapet stood the gorilla God with the bull called Cranmer. The weird chuckle of the former was the only sound that broke the silence of the night. The ape man wondered why the thing was chuckling.

A SUDDEN upward draft from the shaft below them brought a puff of acrid smoke and a wave of heat. Tarzan felt the girl clutch his arm. Now he knew why the gorillas waited so patiently before the entrance to the tower.

Now he knew why the gorilla God chuckled!

Tarzan considered the problem that confronted him. It was evident that they could not long endure the stifling, blinding smoke. To make a sudden attack upon the gorillas would be but to jeopardize the life of his companion without offering her any hope of escape. Had he been alone it would have been different. But now there seemed no alternative to coming quietly out and giving themselves up.

On the other hand, he knew that the gorilla God purposed death for him and either death or a worse fate for the girl. Whatever course he pursued, then, would evidently prove disastrous. The ape man, seldom hesitant in reaching a decision, was frankly in a quandary.

Briefly he explained his doubt to Rhonda. "I think I'll rush them," he concluded. "At least there will be some satisfaction in that."

Stooping low, the ape man sprang from the tower. A savage growl rumbled from his deep chest. The girl, following directly behind him, heard and was horrified.

The gorillas leaped forward to seize him.

In the next installment you will follow Tarzan and Rhonda in their escape from the gorilla city and read how they came to the valley of diamonds.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 33

1—Dr. Crawford W. Long of Georgia, in an operation performed March 30, 1842.

2—A (plane) polygon with eleven angles and eleven sides.

3—John C. Heenan, American champion.

4—An exact imitation.

5—Owen Wister.

6—A member of an order of reptiles from the Triassic to the Mesozoic.

7—The existing state of things.

8—George III.

9—The fiber of two East Indian plants of the genus *Corchorus*, used for sacking, twines, and wrapping paper.

10—Zaccheus (Luke xix. 4).

11—A Hottentot or Kafir village.

12—A small sharp-pointed knife used by surgeons.

13—David Copperfield, by Charles Dickens.

14—Edna Ferber.

15—South Carolina.

16—A marine crustacean.

17—Mercury.

18—A habitual criminal.

19—The Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, with some 5,000,000 volumes.

20—Thomas Woodrow Wilson.

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HAPPY DAYS

A LETTER FROM A HUSBAND, AND SOME SUGGESTIONS TO WIVES—HOW TO MAKE WHITE HOUSE SPICED SUET PUDDING

By

ANNA ROOSEVELT DALL

(Reading time: 4 min. 40 sec.)

HERE'S a cheery little letter which arrived with my breakfast mail this morning, and provided food for thought along with my coffee:

OH, LADY, LADY,

My wife's been reading your stuff, telling about all the things women can do for the New Deal, and it looks like poor friend husband is in for a Raw Deal, to say nothing of a can opener. If the wives are going to spend all their time cleaning up the community, the broom at home won't come in for much exercise. Go easy, please. Yours on pins and needles,

ANONYMOUS HUSBAND.

My first reaction was, "Well, here's the eternal male, worrying for fear that his supper will not be steaming on the table when he comes in at night! But, on second thought, he's certainly not all wrong. The primary job of the majority of women is still home-making. We, as home-makers, might do well to sit down and consider how we can improve ourselves in our chief occupation.

For example, a woman has tremendous responsibilities as the buyer for the family. Most of us know very little about the thousand and one things we buy for the home—food, clothing, and all household equipment. Domestic economists of newspapers and periodicals, the best types of modern advertising, and community cooking and sewing schools have given great opportunity to women to learn. Each woman, however, has specific buying problems which she must solve intelligently for herself.

I had a most interesting trip the other day in Washington to the Department of Agriculture, where I saw literally hundreds of exhibits of foods and drugs, and countless other products bought every day by housewives. From this exhibit I came away with one main impression: Thoughtless buying, with little or no knowledge about the ingredients of merchandise, is a greater extravagance than money spent on so-called luxuries. I learned, also, that the Department of Agriculture will furnish information about any product, if the individual will write to ask for it. Your own local merchants want to serve you most efficiently and honestly, and will answer your questions if you take the trouble to ask them. If enough women evince interest in the integrity of the products they buy, they will actually control the selections of these products by the merchants.

Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts

Does the average woman who goes to buy clothing for the family, sheets, blankets, or any other household needs, know, for example, just which fabrics will give the most economical service?

The woman, in planning the family meals, after the foodstuffs are bought, can educate herself as to balanced menus, inexpensive dishes which have all of the required nutritive value, and to the particular dietetic needs of individual members of the family. Not only are libraries full of books on this all-important subject of nutrition, but here again the Department of Agriculture has a large number of pamphlets for the asking.

Then there's another whole phase of "women's work in the home." The home should be the natural social center. It is the woman who makes the home attractive and interesting so that the children will want to invite their friends there. It is the woman who must take the initiative in giving the type of home atmosphere which she and her husband want in their hours of relaxation.

DEAR ANONYMOUS HUSBAND,

I trust this answers your letter satisfactorily. Unfortunately, I can't resist the opportunity to have the last word—even if your wife does devote herself whole-heartedly to your home, she will still have time left in which to take an active part in the community life!

Sincerely yours, A. R. D.

AS this article will come out only a few days before Christmas, I asked Mrs. Nesbitt to send me a pudding recipe suitable for a good old-fashioned Christmas family gathering. She vouches for its popularity with young and old alike. She added, as a special recommendation, that Spiced Suet Pudding is far easier to digest than English plum pudding!

Every Christmas my father reads out loud to the assembled family Dickens's A Christmas Carol, and these last few lines will always live in my memory: ". . . and it was always said of him [Scrooge] that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God Bless Us, Every One!"

And so, with this recipe, go to all of you my heartiest good wishes for the happiest of Christmases.

SPICED SUET PUDDING

1½ cups molasses   3 eggs
1½ teaspoons soda
1½ cups sweet milk
1½ cups suet put through meat chopper
1 teaspoon salt   ¼ cup citron
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon ground cloves
3½ cups flour
1 cup seeded raisins
¼ cup mixed fruit peel
½ cup broken walnut meats

Mix molasses and soda. Then add well beaten eggs and milk. Mix in suet. Sift the ground spices, salt, and flour, and add a little at a time to the molasses-milk-and-egg mixture. Add chopped peel, fruit, and nuts with last of flour. Stir only sufficiently to blend. Fill well greased baking-powder tins ⅔ full, and steam 2½ hours.

Remove from tins to dry off, then replace and keep in cool temperature. This pudding may be kept on hand for weeks. It can be reheated in the same tins by steaming for half an hour.

Gentle, Glittering, Gruesome

By BEVERLY HILLS

Little Women, a Screen Success; a Much-Changed Noel Coward Play; Notes on a Nightmarish Film, and a Quiet Comedy

(Reading time: 7 minutes 15 seconds.)

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★★ LITTLE WOMEN

THE PLAYERS: Katharine Hepburn, Joan Bennett, Paul Lukas, Frances Dee, Jean Parker, Edna May Oliver, Douglass Montgomery, Henry Stephenson, Spring Byington, Samuel Hinds, Mabel Colcord, John Lodge, Nydia Westman. Directed by George Cukor.

THERE is no sense trying to put down here what Little Women is about. It is full of incidents like one in which the four girls dressed in pinafores sit around the fire and try to decide how they are going to spend the dollar bills their rich aunt has given them for Christmas. Instead of spending the money on themselves they decide to buy their mother a collection of tippets, bedroom slippers, and eau de Cologne. When you add that the girls then decide not to eat their Christmas muffins but to take them to the poor folk around the corner, you can scarcely expect readers to believe that you are talking about a scene which, lighted by a gentle gayety of its own, is likely to cause them to break into tears.

To say that Director George Cukor left out the mannerisms of Louisa Alcott is true, but it is also true that he maintained somehow enough of her manner to give the picture its special sentimental quality, a quality of remembering things that happened long ago. This is what, beyond the life and richness of Katharine Hepburn's performance, gives the story its charm as its extraordinary heroines grow up. What they do is unimportant. Meg (Frances Dee) disappoints Jo (Katharine Hepburn) by getting married. Amy (Joan Bennett) goes to Europe with the aunt. Beth (Jean Parker) gets scarlet fever and never quite recovers. Jo turns into a moody, temperamental girl, unhappy because the boy next door is in love with her and she is not in love with him, and trying to calm her inward agitation by writing blood-and-thunder stories for ten-cent magazines.

Gary Cooper, Fredric March, and Miriam Hopkins in the film version of Design for Living.

Katharine Hepburn, outstanding figure in the picture Little Women, and Henry Stephenson.

What is important is the way in which all these activities come softly and eagerly to life. It is not, possibly, real life so much as the life a sentimentalist might imagine for people he had never seen after an afternoon in the attic peeking at grandmother's love letters. It has, all the more on this account, persuasiveness and charm. Its four heroines are neither quaint nor comic. They are young girls of a time it would be pleasant to be able to remember, and sad because they are believable.

★★★ DESIGN FOR LIVING

THE PLAYERS: Fredric March, Gary Cooper, Miriam Hopkins, Edward Everett Horton, Franklyn Pangborn, Isabel Jewell, Harry Dunkinson, Helena Phillips, and others. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch.

Ernst Lubitsch's notion of how to adapt a play for the screen is based on the theory that stage dialogue and screen dialogue are two entirely different mediums.

Given a play in which the dialogue was originally written for and around the personalities of actors totally different from the ones Lubitsch had to work with, furthermore a play so constructed that it needed to be radically changed before the censors would have passed

SO WHAT!
NRA
MEMBER
U.S.
WE DO OUR PART
1
2
WINDS LIKE A WATCH
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Give both 1 and 2 in the gift pen. To fill the Conklin NOZAC (no sack) you wind it. Visible ink chamber tells when. $5.00 and more. Pencils $3.00 and more. . . .

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it as a picture, you can easily imagine what Lubitsch would be likely to do. Of the famously witty Noel Coward lines which made Design for Living the outstanding theater hit of its season, exactly one remains in the picture. When Fredric March and Cooper are drinking brandy to console themselves for a girl who has left them both to marry a crack-brained advertising man, Cooper remarks, "It's good for our immortal souls." This is not, in the context, a particularly good line. Lubitsch obviously preserved it only out of that wry and ironic sentimentality which makes Design for Living, as rewritten by himself and Ben Hecht, such a satisfying picture.

The idea of three people living together happily, in both perversity and sin, Lubitsch touched on as lightly as possible. Instead, he sharpened Coward's situations into the angles of his particular style of thoughtful farce. Hecht's dialogue, like Coward's, gets its glitter by laughing at situations which are usually regarded seriously. Cooper is a young artist trying to paint as seriously as his chipper friend March is trying to write plays. Miriam Hopkins inspires both of them, loves them by turns, and finally finds out that to have one she must take them both. She does it in the terms of a gentleman's agreement that there must be "no sex." Only the fact that the same gentleman's agreement has broken once before when pulled in three directions makes this a satisfactorily ambiguous escape from their dilemma, a dilemma from which Lubitsch—much more gayly and much more subtly than Coward, who wound up his play on an oversized sofa—saw that there was really no escape at all.

★★★ THE INVISIBLE MAN

THE PLAYERS: Claude Rains, William Harrigan, Gloria Stuart, Dudley Digges, Forrester Harvey, Una O'Connor, Henry Travers, Donald Stuart, Merle Tottenham, Harry Stubbs, E. E. Clive. Directed by James Whale.

The hero of this picture, adapted from a story by H. G. Wells, is a young doctor who has found out how to make himself invisible. He goes mad at the same time and immediately begins to conduct himself like a cross between Mr. Hyde, Frankenstein's monster, and a Hallowe'en pumpkin.

At first glance it might seem that an invisible man would have a very easy time of life indeed, but it turns out that this is not the case. In the first place, only his body, which remains solid, is out of sight. Thus, when he wants to be invisible he has to go about naked, which is inconvenient for cold winter nights such as the ones on which he functions in this picture.

In the second place, he must be careful about killing people on frosty days, lest his breath betray his whereabouts.

Not the least of his worries are the clothes he has to wear when invisibility grows boring. In order to seem to have a face, he has to wrap it up in bandages; his hands would disappear if he removed his gloves. Hampered by all these difficulties, Claude Rains does not do as much damage as you might expect in this picture. He kills a policeman or two, wrecks a train, and irritates his fiancée by vanishing before her eyes. But before he can become a world dictator, with a drugged invisible army, he makes the mistake of walking in the snow.

The rôle of an invisible man must have been comfortable to play, and Claude Rains, though he may have been a trifle disappointed at not appearing in his first picture, does it in the best tradition of an off-stage noise.

The Invisible Man is first-rate material for nightmares, ugly, spectacular, and full of incidents which will cause an audience to enjoy its fainting fits.

★★½ CHRISTOPHER BEAN

THE PLAYERS: Marie Dressler, Lionel Barrymore, Helen Mack, Beulah Bondi, Russell Hardie, Jean Hersholt, H. B. Warner, Helen Shipman, George Coulouris, Ellen Lowe. Directed by Sam Wood.

This is a quiet little comedy about what happens in a small New England village when the inhabitants discover that a boy who died there many years before was a great painter. Art dealers descend on the villagers. They find that the paintings are in the possession of an old-maid servant and, moreover, that she is Christopher Bean's widow. The old doctor for whom she works and in whose house Bean once lived is badgered by his wife almost to the point of cheating their retainer out of her paintings—to sell them to dealers who want to cheat him and each other.

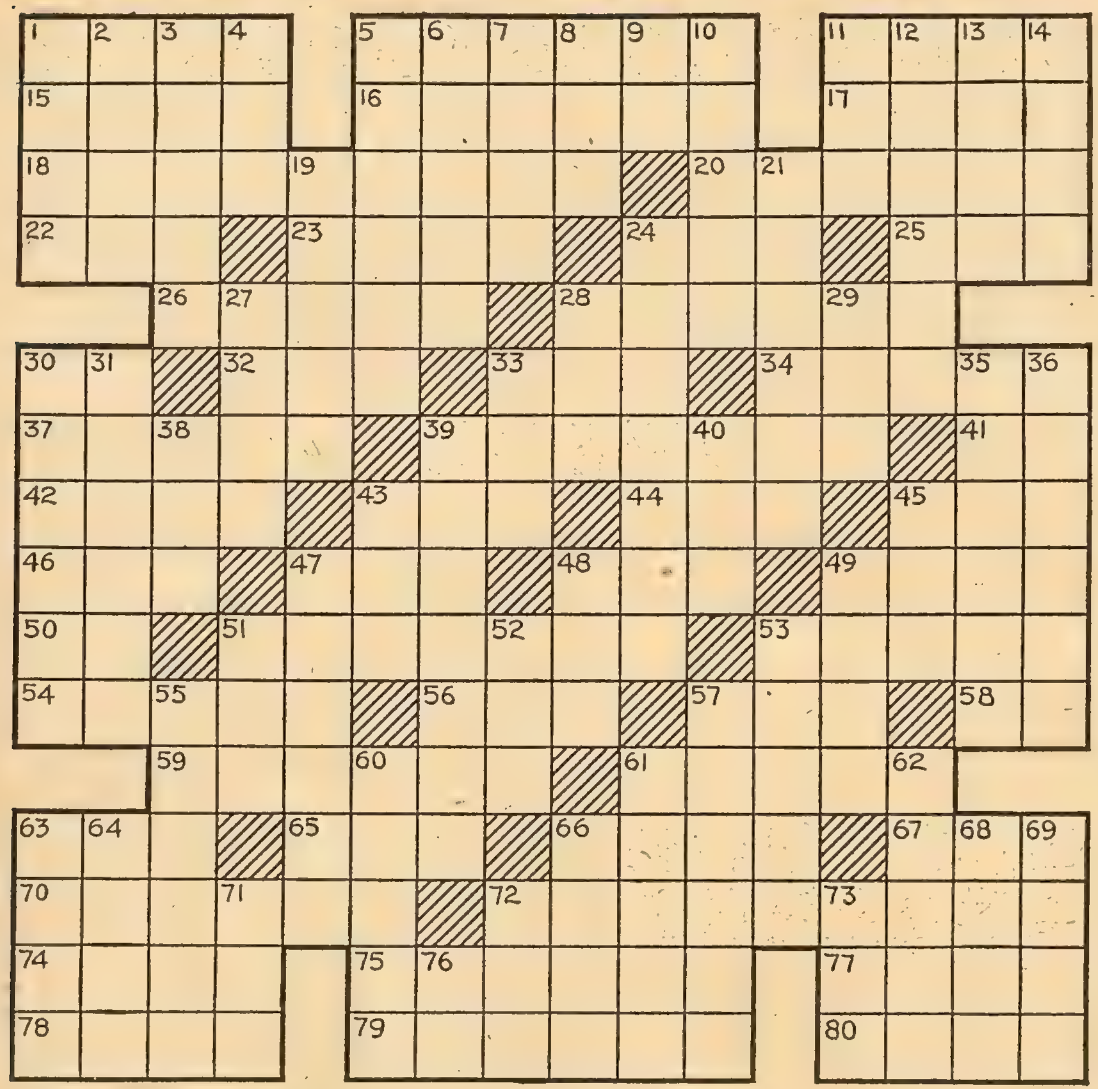
The fact that the picture moves slowly is not likely to spoil your enjoyment of the sly way in which it shows how apparently honest people turn into chiselers on the proper provocation. Marie Dressler and Lionel Barrymore, in their customary way, give expert performances as Marie Dressler and Lionel Barrymore.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Bowery, The Private Life of Henry VIII, Bitter Sweet, The Power and the Glory, Berkeley Square, F. P. 1, Lady for a Day, Bed of Roses, Dinner at Eight, Noah's Ark, The Warrior's Husband, Thunder Over Mexico.

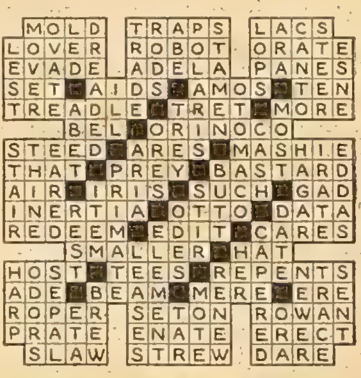
★★★—Only Yesterday, The Prizefighter and the Lady, Duck Soup, Cradle Song, Man's Castle, College Coach, Blonde Bombshell, The Way to Love, I'm No Angel, Take a Chance, Tillie and Gus, Ann Vickers, Footlight Parade, The Solitaire Man, S O S Iceberg, Wild Boys of the Road, The Emperor Jones, Too Much Harmony, My Weakness, I Loved a Woman, Torch Singer, Bureau of Missing Persons, Turn Back the Clock, One Man's Journey, Night Flight, Broadway to Hollywood, Paddy the Next Best Thing, Morning Glory, The Man Who Dared, Another Language, Double Harness, The Stranger's Return, Pilgrimage, Good-bye Again, I Loved You Wednesday, Voltaire, Peg o' My Heart, Gold Diggers of 1933, The Silver Cord, Looking Forward.

CROSS WORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 Butts
5 Shepherd's hut (Spanish)
11 Black
15 Wind instrument
16 Priestly vestments
17 Pool
18 Sultan's dominion
20 Species of pigeon
22 Devoured
23 Political dictator
24 The tip of a thing
25 A combining form: equal
26 Wild plums
28 Decorated with a fringe
30 Exclamation
32 Measures of area
33 A container
34 A genus of palms
37 Concerning
39 Head coverings
41 A conjunction
42 Painful
43 Jackdaw
44 Woman's name
45 Distant
46 Hasten
47 Pose, as for a photograph
48 A constellation
49 Male progenitor
50 Type measure
51 Systematic written account of events
53 A game
54 Denude
56 A tree
57 A constrictor
58 Latin word for and
59 Annex
61 Leaf of an herb



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 MOLD TRAPS LACS 
LOVER ROBOT ORATE
EVADE ADELA PANES
SET■AIDS■AMOS■TEN
TREADLE■TRET■MORE
   BEL■ORINOCO   
STEED■ARES■MASHIE
THAT■PREY■BASTARD
AIR■IRIS■SUCH■GAD
INERTIA■OTTO■DATA
REDEEM■EDIT■CARES
   SMALLER■HAT   
HOST■TEES■REPENTS
ADE■BEAM■MERE■ERE
ROPER SETON ROWAN
PRATE ENATE ERECT
 SLAW STREW DARE 
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Answer to last week's puzzle

63 Asiatic coin
65 Greek goddess
66 Exclamation of sorrow
67 Form of to be
70 Court officers
72 Covered with plaster
74 Greek letter
75 Interpolate
77 Old type of verse
78 Colorer
79 Spreads by rumor
80 A ruler

VERTICAL

1 Woman's name
2 To border on
3 Burrowing animals
4 To place
5 Light boat (plural)
6 Accumulate
7 Small pieces
8 Playing card
9 Compass point
10 Turkish coin
11 Large Australian bird
12 Befall
13 Native metal (pl.)
14 A Roman emperor
19 To give birth prematurely
21 To make an offering
24 A convent
27 Small road
28 Greek god
29 The bitter vetch
30 Minces and mixes
31 Spread over, as oil
33 Female moose
35 Of inferior quality
36 Detain
38 Sooner than
39 Fastens with strips of wood
40 Woman's name
43 Roman god
45 Exclamation
47 One who drinks little by little
48 Weapon of offense
49 A fish
51 Haunch
52 Aged
53 Land abutting the sea
55 Having a flat breastbone
57 Violent gusts of wind
60 A dyestuff
61 Tone characteristic of a trumpet
62 Noblemen
63 Sour
64 A city in New York
66 Beverages
68 One of the kings of Midian (Bib.)
69 A state in India
71 Attention
72 Greek letter
73 Corrode
76 Not

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

MRS. M. JOHNSTON, *of New York City, writes:—*

"That's what our Doctor does for Coughs!—"

● "Mother's cough wore her out," writes Mrs. M. Johnston. "The specialist advised Pertussin and it was wonderful how quickly the bad coughing stopped . . . *Pertussin has helped us all again and again.*"

MILLIONS OF TINY moisture glands in your throat and bronchial passages clog up with thick mucus when you "catch cold." Your throat tickles—feels dry. You cough so hard, but you can't "raise" a thing.

Get those little throat glands working again, to stop that cough! *That's what Pertussin does!*

Just a spoonful or two, doctors know, *stimulates* the glands—starts their *natural moisture* flowing freely. Your throat is relieved. Germ-laden phlegm quickly loosens. Pertussin is helping Nature to cure your cough!

There are no narcotics in Pertussin. It's the scientific extract of a medicinal herb used for 30 years to treat the worst coughs known. And it won't upset digestion. Get a bottle now!

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If you are generally run down or have a specific health problem to solve, the chances are that Physical Culture Hotel can be of priceless service to you. By all means write for full information including views, moderate rate schedule describing the marvelous free week offer now in effect and wonderful testimonials regarding some of the almost miraculous recoveries that have taken place here.

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VOX POP

THE LONG ARM OF ACCIDENT

BALTIMORE, MD.—Who killed Bella Wright may be an unsolved mystery as set forth in your September 23 issue, but the fictional solution presented by Trueman Humphries is plausible.

Let me tell one. A number of years ago I was employed in a shirt-waist factory in Baltimore. The sewing room was on the sixth floor. There were three hundred machines placed at six long tables of fifty each. There were long high windows on the east and south sides of the room and shorter windows on the north about ten feet from the baseboard.

I had a chair midway in the center of the room and the high windows were back of me.

One day I stayed away from the shop. When I got back the next morning the foreman asked me why I had been away. I had no particular excuse.

Then he said: " Well, Miss Hilleary, your absence probably saved your life." He showed me a little round hole in the window right back of my seat. A bullet had come through that hole, and if I had been in my chair it would have entered the back of my head.

No, the police never found out where it came from; but the theory was that some one had been firing at pigeons and the ball had glanced and entered our window.—*Katherine M. Louise.*

WE ALWAYS HAVE OUR READERS' INTERESTS AT HEART

CLEVELAND, OHIO—It gives me great personal satisfaction to find your magazine Liberty presenting to the great mass of Americans such really worthwhile articles as that of Leon Trotsky's in the issue of November 18, Will Japan Commit Suicide?

With Liberty's large circulation and low price, many people can avail themselves of such authoritative views.—*Martin C. Miller.*

HE HAS PLENTY OF CLOSE SHAVES BUT THE HAIRCUTS HAVE US LICKED

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Please tell me (so I can tip my husband off) how Tarzan of the movies and Tarzan in Liberty manage to keep clean-shaved and with a nice haircut when a bit of rag or a piece of leopardskin is all the luggage they are carrying?—*Anna.*

OR STANFORD, EH WHAT?

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—C. W. Hendley's assertion (November 11 Vox Pop) that the October 14 cover page did not contain one Southern college is cockeyed. If this hasty guy looks at the upper left of the drawing, he'll find there the green pennant of Tulane University. The trouble with these Florida guys is that they're all sour, like their grapefruit. I only hope that Florida will some day have a team good enough for the Rose Bowl, so that the Trojans can tan their little hides.—*George Fitzpatrick.*

WE'RE GLAD YOU LIKED IT

SEATTLE, WASH.—I give Liberty two votes of thanks. First, I want to thank you for printing that good story, Mike, by Grace Perkins; second, thanks for reviewing the movie version of the story.

The picture The Torch Singer was closing its week's run in Seattle the day Liberty came out.

In the movie review I discovered that The Torch Singer was Mike. I was inside the theater in record-breaking time.—*Bonita Harvey.*

WHAT, NO ALLIGATORS?

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—In your issue of October 28 Princess Alexandra Kropotkin notes the phenomenon of fish falling to earth in a rainstorm. In corroboration of this statement I want to say that some years ago, after a heavy shower, I saw the sidewalk literally alive with thousands of frogs not larger than my smallest finger nail and again with countless little snails even smaller than the frogs.—*W. C. McQuillen.*

A QUERY

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Will some naturally bright Vox Popper tell me why economic security in the form of unemployment insurance is bad for the worker but economic security in the form of safe investments is not bad for the capitalist? Unemployment insurance in this country as per the Wagner-Costigan-La Follette bill introduced in the last Senate carries no trace of charity.—*Hans O. Foss.*

MISS, NOT MISTER

MEMPHIS, TENN.—In the issue of Liberty of date November 4, 1933, you made reference to Charl Williams, secretary of the National Association. You referred to her in the masculine gender, evidently being under the impression that she is a man.

Miss Williams grew up in a little town in our county of Shelby. She served this county as Superintendent of Public Instruction for a number of years. She later was elected president of the National Educational Association.—*Grover N. McCormick.*

HARNESSING THE BACK-TO-THE-FARM MOVEMENT

NEW YORK, N. Y.—From time to time Liberty has carried letters and articles suggesting that our unemployed should be sent back to the land.

If the government sent back blocks of say 500 families, gave each a house and from three to five acres of land and placed in charge of each company or division of families, a competent supervisor, something might be accomplished. The supervisor would show the men under them what to do and how to do it to become self- sustaining.

Such a carefully organized and directed movement would have a fair chance of success.—*An Ex-Farmer.*

WHICH CAME FIRST, THE GOB OR THE LEATHERNECK?

QUANTICO, VA.—In answer to John Gob, the rubber-sock holystoner in November 18 Vox Pop, does he know that the Marine Corps was created November 10, 1775, before the Navy had ever been born?—*A Leatherneck, and Proud of It.*

[The Navy Department was officially created by act of Congress April 30, 1798, but the beginning of the navy can be traced to October 13, 1775, when the Continental Congress appointed John Adams chairman of a committee comprising Silas Deane and John Langdon (Fathers of our Navy) to fit out two warships to cruise against the British. On January 15, 1776, Lieutenant John Paul Jones raised the first flag over an American warship, the Alfred, at Philadelphia.—THE EDITOR.]

WELL, YOU HAVE A RIGHT TO YOUR OPINION, OF COURSE

PHILADELPHIA, PA. — By patriotism, in your editorial of November 11, do you mean one who is devoted to the welfare of his country or one who is devoted to the welfare of the people in that country?

Greed and selfishness exist among the capitalists, I will agree.

Greed and selfishness are found among the labor leaders, practiced by being traitors to the workers.

One thing that interests the capitalistic order is stability, so that the capitalists can continue to rob the working class. Displaced by revolution, capitalists lose everything.

Millions of people have lost their homes and savings because of the capitalistic system.

The privileges we would get from a new revolutionary régime would be that we would have to go to work for our living and there would be plenty of jobs.

All working people should be against capitalism, because capitalism robs and makes wage slaves of the working class.

Organized labor has not been a great force for good, especially the A. F. of L., which works hand in hand with the capitalist.

If organized labor was a great force for good, there would not be millions of workers looking for jobs.

The NRA wants workers to organize into A. F. of L. unions because the A. F. of L. is a capitalistic outfit. By legitimate peaceful revision you mean legitimate peaceful robbery of the working class.—*Charles Hine.*

YOU BOYS MUST HAVE BEEN IN ON THE GROUND FLOOR

PORTLAND, ORE.—The article in Liberty for November 18, by Edward M. " Doc " Ladd, entitled Sucker Money! is true, timely, and the only regret is that it is not given in more detail, as I know of my own knowledge that each fact is correct and that the writer did those things he so vividly portrays.—*Stanley M. " Larry " Doyle.*

BRONX, N. Y.—Just a few minutes ago I finished that delightful " confession " entitled Sucker Money! by Edward M. Ladd, and I think it is really the finest story of its kind (exposé) that I have ever had the pleasure of reading.—*Dennis N. Dalton.*

HE FOUGHT WITH FLOWERDEW

REGINA, SASK.—The story of Lieutenant Flowerdew's charge at Moreuil Wood in Liberty for November 4 made me sit up and take notice, because I am a survivor of that action.

Flowerdew gave me my corporal's stripes three months prior to the charge. When we galloped into action I was wearing three stripes, being one of the sergeants supporting the officer in charge of Troop No. 3, C Squadron, of Lord Strathcona's Horse (R. C.).

I personally saw Lieutenant Flowerdew riddled with bullets, blood staining the white saddlebags on the rear pommel of his saddle. I helped bring him to where the ambulance waited to take him to the casualty clearing station. I believe I was the last man of those he had led to whom he spoke before he died. His concern was about the result of the sacrifice of his squadron. And when I assured him that we had stopped the enemy and were still holding them, he smiled bravely.—*A Survivor.*

SEE WHAT COMES OF TAKING A CHANCE

CHARLESTON, S. C.—More often than not I have lost when I gambled every week a nickel for Liberty. What Price Armistice?—by Adela Rogers St. Johns in the November 18 issue—cancels all past losses and pays for any that may come in the future, if I gamble on Liberty until I am a hundred.—*M. H. Bisson, M. D.*

IT ISN'T BALLYHOO

BEECH GROVE, IND.—Why all the ballyhoo about the Muscle Shoals project? Are you, the enlightened editor of Liberty, informed as to the real insignificance of this proposal? The Muscle Shoals project when completed will scarcely be able to furnish enough power to supply a city the size of Indianapolis, Beech Grove's big neighbor. Even including the Cold Creek development, barely 600,000 people can be served.—*Robert K. Taylor.*

[When the feasible storage basins officially planned in the valley of the Tennessee River above Dam No. 2 are completed, 3,000,000 hydroelectric horsepower will be added to the industrial resources of 12,000,000 people in seven Southern states.

Our reader also forgets the military significance of Muscle Shoals. Construction of dam and power house No. 2 was begun in April, 1918, by the War Department, as an emergency measure to aid in the supplying of nitric acid for war needs, in lieu of Chilean nitrate of soda. In case of war the ability of Muscle Shoals to supply nitric acid to our military forces would be of vital importance.—THE EDITOR.]

MACHINE-HOUR *vs.* MAN-HOUR

FORT WORTH, TEX.—Our leaders should realize that American industry today stands at the very threshold of a highly machinized age and that all sorts of merchandise, including farm products, produced under the machine-hour system is more likely than not to be very, very cheap (dirt-cheap in fact) in comparison to what we have heretofore witnessed under a man-hour system.

We should either wreck the machine and put men back in factory, shop, and ditch, or else wreck concentrated wealth —before the communists do it for us— and use the money to put our idle millions on the land, where they can at least be self-supporting.—*W. R. Howard.*

DON'T YOU THINK WE HAVE HAD ENOUGH AMENDMENTS FOR A WHILE?

INDIANAPOLIS, IND. — Before even reading about what the drys intend to do next, I propose a Twenty-first Amendment to the Constitution. This new enactment will make it compulsory for all residents of the United States to drink a minimum of two pints of beer per diem, or the alcoholic equivalent of that potion, unless exempted by physical disability. Just think of the wonderful army of sneaks, snoops, and keyhole peepers that fool law would create.

If my amendment were considered, the long-haired dry fanatics might leave the rest of us alone while they fought for their right not to imbibe something they didn't want.—*Pro Bono Publico.*

LEONIA, N. J.—After reading What the Drys Will Do Next it seems to me that they are going to do just what they have always done: issue platitudes and sophistries.

On the whole your author's article ran true to form and was not in the least eccentric according to dry standards.—*Walter Ball.*

FIRST-HAND INFORMATION

SOUTH MERIDEN, CONN.—At the time of the Villa raid on Columbus, New Mexico, I was serving with the Fourth Artillery at Fort Bliss and we were immediately sent to the scene of the fighting. I want to point out some errors in the story that appeared in Liberty for November 18.

Villa did not enter the town by the railroad. His men came in by way of a deep irrigation ditch that ran north and south. It was even said at the time that Villa was not present at the raid.

You mention the Mexicans having machine guns. The only machine gun in use belonged to the Thirteenth Cavalry, and that jammed in firing.

You mention a fort. There was no fort, although a horse corral might have been mistaken for one by the uninitiated.

I have been in the drug store mentioned, but the proprietor was not killed. I saw the clock hanging on the wall with a bullet hole through the center.

Your story seems to intimate that the Mexicans had the best of the fighting. Any one who could have seen the pile of dead men and horses we had to burn in cleaning up the town would change his mind.—*H. A. Graham.*

BY—BYE—OTTAWA

OTTAWA, ONT.—In your November 4 Vox Pop J. A. Whitcomb says: "It [the city of Ottawa] never was named Bytown, but was named Byetown."

At noon today I visited the public driveway, near the Post Office in Ottawa, and there inspected the stone erected to the memory of Colonel By. On it is the following inscription:

1826- -1926
In memory of John By
Lieutenant Colonel of the Royal Engineers. In 1826 he founded Bytown, destined to become the City of Ottawa, Capital of the Dominion of Canada.

—*C. B. Burns.*

DID YOU EVER PUSH COOKIES TWELVE HOURS A DAY?

MAXTON, N. C.—Jay Franklin, in an article in October 14 Liberty on the United States Foreign Service, recites the same old press-agent stuff that the State Department has been dishing out for a generation.

Our foreign representatives are not underpaid; their salaries are higher than those of army or navy officers and their duties vastly less hazardous or important.

And if in our democracy it would be a good thing for a tub-fast admiral or a beetle-browed general to be a Secretary of the Navy or of War, then career men ought to be made ambassadors and ministers.

Our foreign service is all right. It needs more workers and fewer cookypushers; patriots, not ambitious dandies.—*Arnold A. McKay.*

CONNEMARA IS IN GALWAY

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In a recent issue of Liberty you referred to "County Connemara" in Ireland. Connemara is not, and in so far as I know never has been, a county. Please confirm or set me right.—*Faugh a ballagh.*

[Connemara is not a county. It is a district about thirty miles long by fifteen to twenty broad in County Galway.—THE EDITOR.]

TWO VIEWS OF JAY FRANKLIN'S MUCH DISCUSSED ARTICLE

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Referring to the article by Jay Franklin in your issue of November 11, we think Hoover's predictions have been completely fulfilled. Grass would be growing in the streets except that people tramping them looking for work have kept it down. You could take the pith out of a hair, put all Jay Franklin's brains in it, cork it up, shake it and hear them rattle.—*Mrs. Garnet Frakes.*

DETROIT, MICH.—I want to commend Jay Franklin for the revelation of the outcome of Hoover's lurid prophecies; but I cannot keep from reprimanding him for calling the former's speech at Madison Square Garden last year as *good* and *great.*

How can anything so inflated and demoralizing be called *good* and *great?* —*Jeanin Moresy.*

DISCOVERED!

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Your cover picture of November 11 must be your contest editor.

The average man who don't get things mixed up fastens his supporters on the inside.—*R. L. Slater.*

TEACHERS WANT END OF "OUR NATIONAL DISGRACE"

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—The editorial in November 4 Liberty relating to educational matters meets the hearty approval of every member of the Duval County Teachers' Association.

We want to congratulate you on your earnest effort to set before the public the true facts concerning the tragic state of the educational systems existing in the country.—*Edith G. Hudnall, Secretary.*

TO THE LADIES!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 4 minutes 31 seconds.)

A STRANGE old house plays a part in nearly all of Louis Bromfield's popular novels. "Is it a real house?" I asked him.

"It's my great-aunt's house near Mansfield, Ohio," he told me.

If you have read his latest book, The Farm, or his earlier one, The Green Bay Tree, you may remember something of the rambling homestead charm of Mr. Bromfield's great-aunt's house. From childhood he recalls it as the place where he, a town boy, first learned the fascination of country life.

Since then unusual houses have always stimulated his imagination.

"Of all the houses I have seen," he declared, "my favorite is the old manor house at Salzburg, Austria, where Max Reinhardt, the great German dramatic producer, now lives. I like it because it is so gay and happy-go-lucky, full of colors and furbelows that would shock a professional *decorator,* I presume, but in my opinion give a perfect setting for light-hearted existence."

Mr. Bromfield has just come home to this country after living some years in France. He's an observant, inquisitive person—describes himself as plain *nosey.* You may be interested in some of the things he nosed out about the up-to-date French.

"Americanism has become fashionable," he said, "among young French people of the smarter set. They cultivate American friends, talk American slang, smoke American cigarettes. Nowadays a young Parisian can't be really stylish unless he knows a good deal about Americans and their ways."

With his wife and two daughters, Louis Bromfield has settled down—like Einstein—at Princeton, New Jersey.

Louis Bromfield

MY mother once bumped into a door and got a fine black eye on Christmas Eve. Her beautiful *shiner* kept the family jokers at work all through those Yuletide festivities. Christmas is no time for a lady to have a black eye.

Neither is her wedding day. A girl friend of mine actually suffered this dreadful affliction. She went swimming in the club pool the day before. Accidentally another swimmer kicked her in the eye. An hour later her eye looked like a thunderstorm.

"What has *he* done to you?" her mother gasped when she saw the eye.

Mama knew that the girl and her fiancé had tiffed a bit from time to time. Mama knew the young man wasn't altogether meek by temperament. Mama put two and two together—adding them up wrong—as mamas sometimes do. No amount of explaining could make her believe that *he* hadn't given her daughter that black eye.

Painted and powdered, the eye was scarcely noticeable in church the next day. But the wedding guests couldn't help noticing mama's tearful, angry glances at the groom. It took him years to live down her suspicion of bride beating.

AT Stuttgart, Germany, Dr. Manfred Benninger conducts a one-night hospital. Insomniacs go there, and he puts them to sleep.

He does it with funny black-and-white charts that look like architectural designs for a labyrinth. Each patient's case is diagnosed specially, and a special chart is prescribed by the doctor. The patient sits up in bed, gazing fixedly at his chart.

After a while it does something to him. He gets drowsy. The chart drops from his relaxed fingers, and he sleeps. Swell!

I showed one of the Benninger charts to a well known American nerve doctor. "Based on monotony," he said at once. "Like imaginary sheep jumping over an imaginary fence. There are plenty of unimaginative people who cannot make themselves see sheep in their mind's eye. That's where Benninger's chart comes in. He sells them synthetic sheep."

From personal experience I believe there may be something in this.

I know I have lured myself to sleep by hanging up a piece of patterned cloth—then staring at it until the sandman wafted me away.

ONCE more I recommend a "Colette" book. Her new one is The Innocent Wife. Light and extravagantly feminine, as usual—and, as usual, Colette reveals things that women ought to know. (Published by Farrar & Rinehart.)

NOW we'll talk cold turkey. Save some of that Christmas bird for a dish of Turkey à la Queen. It's an old favorite from the deep South. Make it as follows:

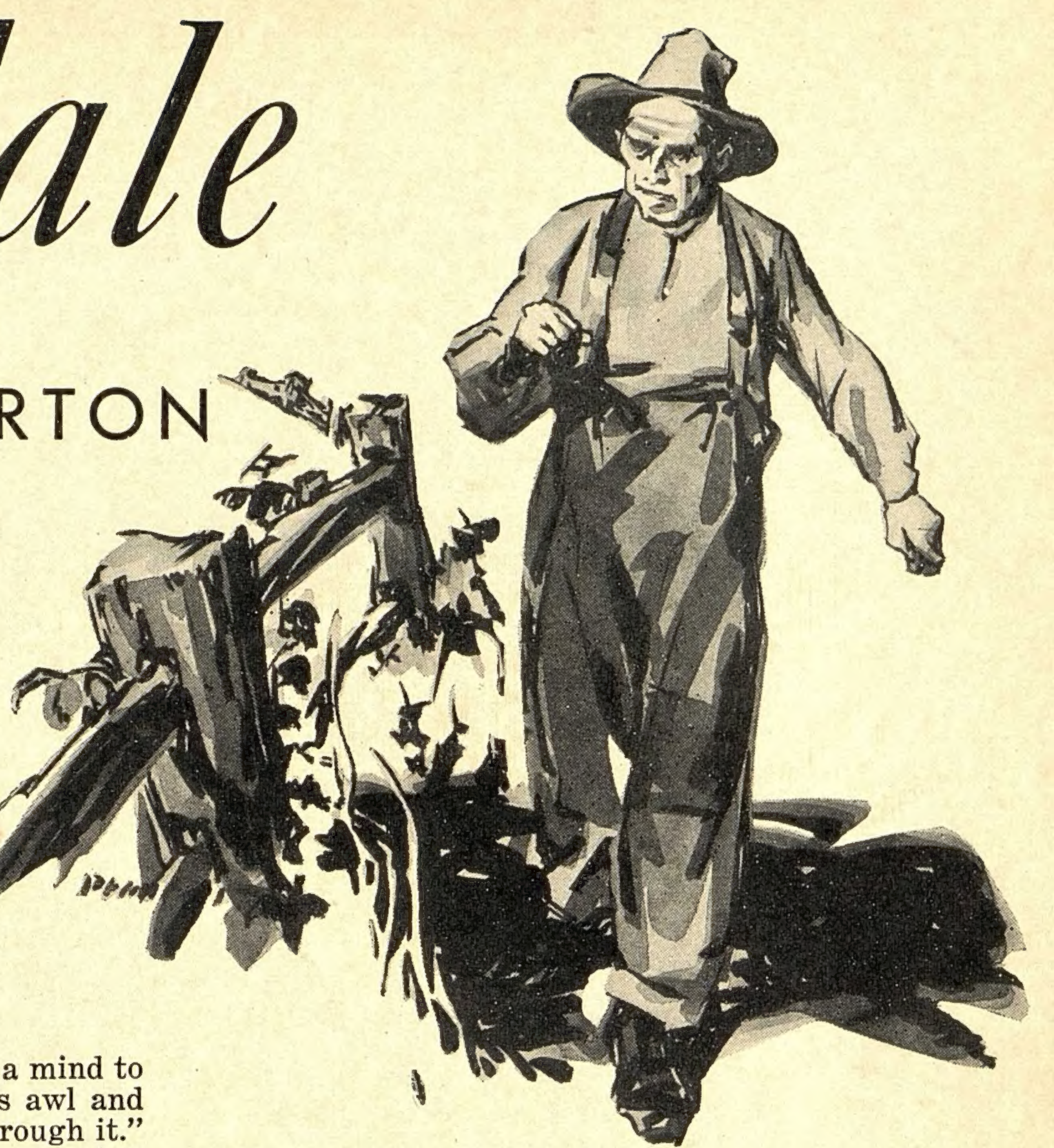
Rub yolks of 2 eggs smooth with 1 tablespoon butter. Add 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup turkey stock or gravy, juice from a medium-size can mushrooms, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, salt, pepper, and a dash of nutmeg. Cook 5 minutes on a medium fire. Now put in 2 cups cold turkey diced, the can of mushrooms (slice them), and transfer all to double boiler for 10 to 15 minutes. Just before serving, add 4 preserved chestnuts (well drained and chopped), 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, and the chopped whites of the 2 eggs. Serve with hot biscuits.

Chicken done this way is excellent too.

Pig Tale

A Short Short Story

By HUGH FULLERTON



(Reading time: 4 minutes 55 seconds.)

OLD Sam Lucas was coming down the mud road hell-bent for election, bound for Sandy Mush. He was kicking up dust like a three-minute trotter in the last heat of a county fair race, but when he saw me approaching in the car, he halted and waited for me to stop.

" Hello, Sam. What's the rush? " I inquired.

" Had a errant down to the store," he replied, feeling the bruised spot on his forehead cautiously. " Something pressin', and I done forget what it was. Remember Maw wanted a spool of thread and some saleratus and I was just about out of spit-quick terbaccer, but can't seem to recall what was pressin'. Maw she jawed so dern' much she druv it clean outen my mind. I told her I had a mind to buy five yards of wax ends and a shoemaker's awl and sew up her dern' mouth till she couldn't talk through it."

Having heard rumors in the neighborhood concerning family arguments in the Lucas cabin, I kept quiet, determined to avoid being drawn into entangling alliances. Having planned to buy a setting of eggs from Mrs. Lucas, I had no desire to side with Sam. According to common gossip in the Sandy Mush district, Sam's estimate of needing five yards of wax ends to sew up his wife's mouth was conservative. Sam, after some delay waiting for an invitation, climbed into the car, fanned himself, said " Whee! " and puckered his face in an effort to think.

" Doggone wimminfolks," he said. " Talk so dratted much they spile a man's thinkin'. Something I wanted real bad down at Mush and it's plumb slipped my mind, what with all the excitement."

" Excitement? I'll turn around and drive you down to the store," I volunteered, scenting a piece of local news.

" Let me think first," Sam protested. " You'd git there before I could mind what I forgot."

" What was the excitement? "

" Had the doggonedest time yesterday. Did I tell you about it? "

Not having seen Sam for three weeks, it was difficult to imagine how he could have related to me his adventures of the preceding day, but I said nothing, waiting for him to continue. Sam's tales of adventure were worth while, so I shut off the engine, handed Sam a cheroot, and smiled encouragement.

" Well, sir," he said, when he had lighted the cheroot, " I was up Hominy way totin' a sack of meal back from the mill. I was comin' downhill on the edge of Deever, just ayant the pottery, walkin' kinda brisk, as it looked like as if a shower was makin', when I overtook the biggest black snake I ever see comin' towards me."

" Overtook it coming towards you! " I exclaimed. " You mean you met it in the road? "

" Nope, overtook it comin' towards me. It was advancin' backwards," Sam explained.

Slightly bewildered, I maintained silence.

" That snake was nine feet long if it was a inch, and as big through as a kag of moonshine," Sam continued. " I see right away somethin' was the matter with it, so I cut me a slickery ellum club and bashed it over the head. But even when it was squirmin' it didn't stop. Bein' dead only made it travel faster, and it started advancin' backwards so fast as a hoss can trot. I was skeert, but I chased it down the road, hittin' it with the club till I heard it squeal."

" You heard a dead snake squeal? "

" Yes, sir. Squealed kinda stifled, so I gets up my courage, grabs it by the tail, and stops it to find out what is the matter.

" Come to find out," Sam continued presently, " that snake had done swallered one of Lem Tatum's shoats alive. The shoat had got to kickin' with its sharp hoofs and kicked all four legs through the snake's belly. The snake was tryin' to crawl one way, but it had swallered the pig head first, and the pig was tryin' to run t'other way, which accounts for me overtakin' it coming towards me and it advancin' backwards."

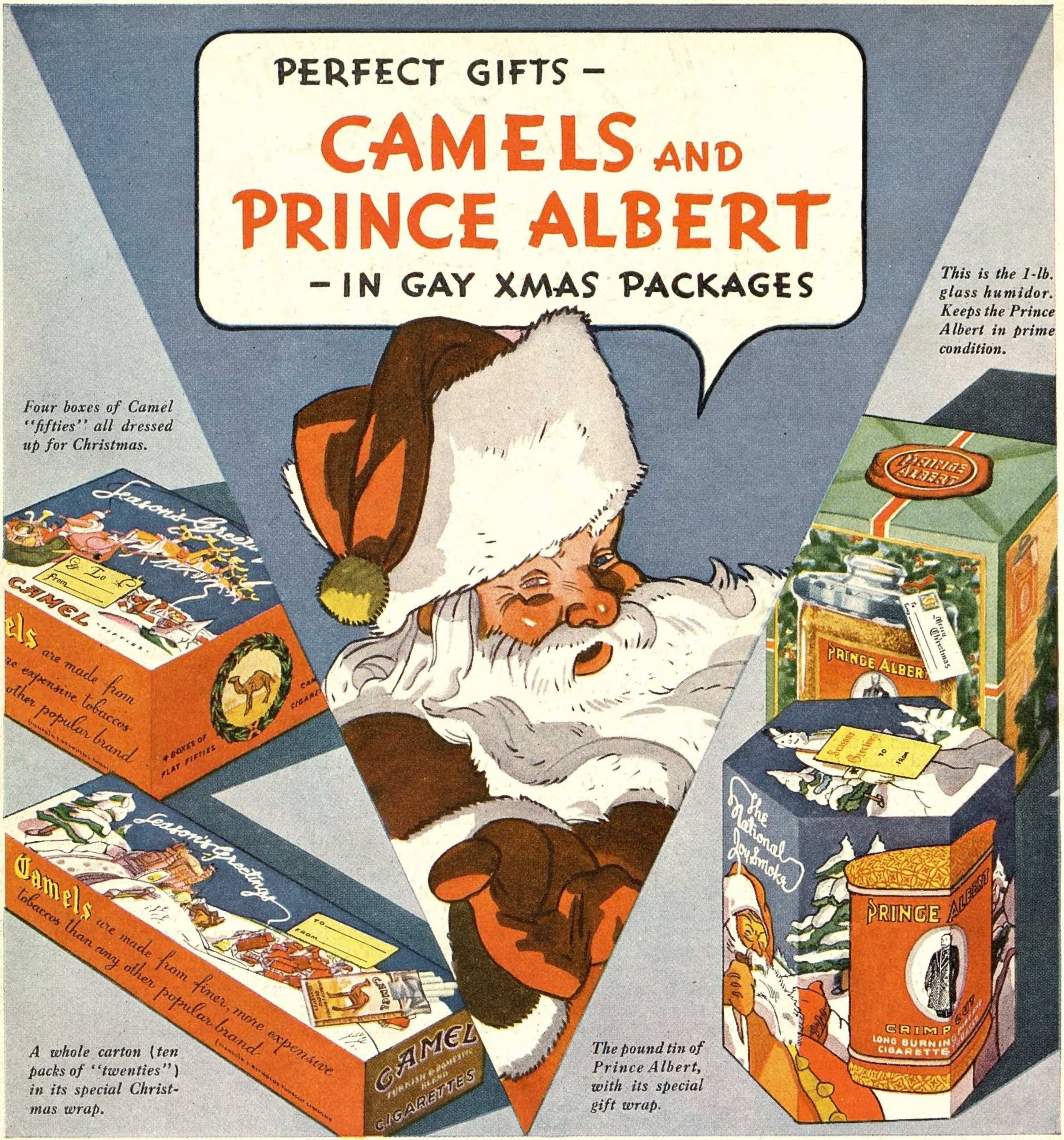
The explanation seemed lucid and logical.

" I TOOKEN my knife and ripped that snake open, to let the little pig out. Aside from bein' skeert that shoat wasn't hurt a bit. It was tremblin' and squealin' like a good fellow, so I picks it up and starts totin' it down the road, plannin' to give it back to Lem. I was nearin' my house when Lem comes along, sees me carryin' the shoat, and accuses me of tryin' to steal it. He says he's been missin' shoats all spring. I try to tell Lem about the snake, even offered to take and show him right where I killed it, but he got unreasonable like he allus does.

" He r'ars up on his hind legs and threatens to bash my brains out. Says he'll do it with a wet sponge if I try makin' him believe that story. That riled me and we started fightin' down in the road, and Maw, she—

" Gosh all hemlock! " he broke off suddenly. " That minds me what I forgot I was goin' to the store to git. It was arnicy and linament. While me and Lem was tusslin' and bashin' with each other Maw come down to the road to watch, and got herself busted right over the head with that ellum club. Knocked her speechless for a time, so I knowed she was bad hurt; but when she come to, she made up for lost time. Blamed me and ordered me to get her some arnicky and hoss linament to take the swellin' out. Can you run me down to the store? I'm in a hurry."

THE END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